

ROYAL TOURNAMENT (Illustrated).

OLD GARDEN IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE (Illustrated). By Leonard H. WEST, LL.D.

# COUNTRY LIFE

11, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

XLVII. No. 1221.

[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.  
AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.]

SATURDAY, MAY 29th, 1920.

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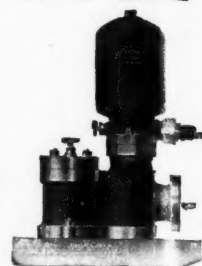
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specimen copy will be sent free on receipt of a postcard addressed to The Manager, THE GARDEN,  
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VOL. XLVII.—No. 1221

SATURDAY, MAY 29th, 1920.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA.  
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



BERTRAM PARK.

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Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON; Tele. No.: GERRARD 2748.  
Advertisements: 8-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2; Tele. No.: REGENT 760.

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE

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COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

## London's Educational Opportunity

EVERYONE who is interested in higher education will welcome the offer of the Government of a site of eleven and a half acres near the British Museum to provide new headquarters for the London University and for the colleges and institutions connected with it. Without in any way wishing to write in derogation of the University of London, it can be asserted without contradiction that it is not worthy of the capital and centre of the empire. This does not prevent us from heartily endorsing the statement of the Lord Mayor that during its comparatively short existence the London University has become the largest in the United Kingdom. No one can desire more ability and zeal than has been shown by the professors and heads of the University. That is what has attracted so many students. Yet we have only to mention it in the same breath with Oxford and Cambridge, Glasgow and Edinburgh to recognise that it has not the individuality or the standing of any of them. That this is so may be accounted for by the fact that London has no habitation or name equivalent to that of these older institutions. It is, to a large extent, an examining body, though its teaching power has largely increased of recent years. But it is never likely to attain to a real corporate existence until some such scheme is

carried out as that which is broadly outlined in Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's letter to Lord Rosebery. It may be said that time has had a great deal to do with the lustre which is reflected from Oxford and Cambridge. They have a tradition built during the centuries in which they have been seats of learning; but too much emphasis need not be laid on that. The capital has a still greater tradition. It possesses the adjuncts of learning in greater abundance than any other city in the world. Every branch of study can be carried on more effectively in London than anywhere else in the world. Its great national collections, hospitals and public institutions already, as the President of the Board of Education has pointed out, attract a large number of students, not only from all parts of the United Kingdom, but also from overseas. All that is needed is the provision of a centre where its headquarters could be established, and, in passing, it can most truthfully be said that search could not discover a more appropriate site than that which has been offered by the Government. For one thing, it is close to the British Museum, itself an advantage too apparent to need enlarging upon.

The London University, as it exists, is very modern. It is much more closely associated with studies belonging to our own time than are the older universities. Under a new dispensation it would advantageously retain that character. In the new world upon which we are entering the human intellect is likely to call for ever greater enquiry into the subjects in which humanity actively engages. No university could afford to be wholly utilitarian as long as it is true that man shall not live by bread alone; but those in pursuit of science and industry require training other than that for those intent upon the beautiful, the æsthetic side of life. A University of London in no circumstances would enter into rivalry or competition with Oxford or Cambridge. These have become more practical, have got closer into line with the characteristics of their age than they used to be, but we believe that they will ever continue to be places where learning is cultivated for its own sake. Whatever may be added to their curricula, it is to be hoped that nothing will quench the light of true learning which has always shone upon them. In a great London University this would not be neglected, but, no doubt, greater attention would be given to those comparatively new subjects which in part have a bearing upon industry and occupation, and in part mean the exploration of the innumerable avenues to knowledge which have been opened up by science. These studies yield in dignity and importance to none. They illuminate places that for long have been dark to our understanding and the more knowledge widens the more it is realised that whatever has been gained is only an earnest of what may come. New conceptions have taken place in nearly every domain of thought within the last quarter of a century, and if things follow their usual course the war will stimulate the minds of the young to attempt a still greater probing of the mysteries by which man and the planet on which he exists are surrounded. It is a great thing to understand the learning of the ancients and to assimilate their love of beauty, but it is even greater to get beyond the life of man and understand, as far as may be permitted, the origin and nature of all things.

It is needless to dwell on the scope of the work awaiting the University of London. Those who are at present responsible for the University teaching have shown themselves widely awake to the potentialities of modern learning, and fortunately there is no need to start afresh. In its new headquarters the University would only enlarge and deepen the work that has been so well carried on already.

## Our Frontispiece

A PORTRAIT of Mrs. David Wallace is given on the front page of this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE. She is the eldest daughter of Sir Edwin Lutyens and Lady Emily Lutyens, and her marriage to Captain David Euan Wallace, 2nd Life Guards, recently took place at the Chapel Royal, Savoy.

\* \* \* Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.





## COUNTRY NOTES

**A** FEATURE of the Whitsuntide holiday carries with it a lesson that the railway people will do well to note. On no occasion has more use been made of the roads. During Victorian days, and even in the reign of King Edward, people seem to have got it into their heads that there was no way of getting from one place to another except by train. In the height of the agricultural depression even the main high roads were deserted. At one time a well known Peer took it into his head to have a count made of the number of passengers at given points on the Great North Road, and the figures were astonishingly small. But the holiday maker of to-day has rediscovered that charm of the road which his ancestors felt so keenly and which found its way into literature through Chaucer, in chief, and many lesser men. On Whit Sunday there was an extraordinary variety of forms of road transport in use. It ranged from the Rolls-Royce motor down to the humble bicycle. And that means a great deal to-day. Since the war there has been a great multiplication of huge mechanically propelled charrs-a-bances and other carriages. The provincial towns have even arranged motor runs to London and back, which serve the same purpose as the cheap trip which those who control the railways will not grant to-day. It would almost seem as if the travelling public had become tired of the stuffy trains and the manner in which passengers are handled at junctions and during the journey. There are very few who would not prefer to go any reasonable distance in an open car to making the same journey in a railway carriage. Thus the road is coming back to its own and the result may produce a very considerable effect upon railway traffic.

**R**EPRESENTATIVES of agricultural labour used a dangerous argument in presenting their claim for an increased minimum wage to the Minister of Agriculture. What they said in effect was that the railway porter was no more a skilled labourer than the worker on the land, and yet he was getting his fifty shillings or three pounds a week, while the land worker had to be content with something very much less. This sort of argument is extremely mischievous and likely to lead to chaos. Nothing is exciting more discontent at the present moment than the railway situation. The railway managers have issued a statement that if the new claims are granted it will mean an increase of forty per cent. on the cost of transport of passengers and goods. Already the high railway fares charged are felt keenly and many think they should be brought down, so that an addition of forty per cent. would almost be enough to bring about a rebellion among those who use railways not for pleasure but from necessity. It is therefore more calculated to estrange than to win sympathy to demand a higher wage because the railway workers are already obtaining more than the industry can pay. It all works round to the taxpayer at last. The farmers have refused to consider the question of increasing the wages of the labourer until the agricultural policy of the Government is defined in an Act of Parliament. In the end it comes to this, that they will increase the wages if by any means they can

obtain a sufficiently large subsidy to do so and the subsidy must come out of the capacious pocket of the taxpayer.

**T**HE figures showing the results of alcoholism after the war as compared with what they were in 1913 are decidedly instructive. An immense decrease is noted, both in direct and indirect results. In the former category are put convictions for drunkenness, cases of delirium tremens in representative areas, and deaths from alcoholism. The decline ranges from eighty to forty per cent. It is not quite so great, but, nevertheless, very important, in attempted suicide, suffocation of infants, and deaths from cirrhosis of the liver, all of which are traced, in a greater or a less degree, to alcoholism. If this change had been a voluntary and willing one, the satisfaction it produced would have been more complete. But it has been to a large extent enforced. The extraordinarily high price of beer, wine and spirits would, in itself, account for it in a large degree. Contributory causes were the absence of so many of our young men and the shortened hours during which public houses might serve drink, along with other restrictions. It used to be said that you could not make a country sober by Act of Parliament, but the figures seem to show that we have got extremely near it. There are some other chastening reflections, however. The discovery of a store of whisky, rum, brandy and champagne in an unlicensed house, the increase of shebeening and the private drinking which goes on show that the citizen has not altogether ceased to look on the wine when it is ruddy.

### SPRING.

There is a heaven for us in the Spring—  
Have you not held and stilled the rapturous thing  
Within your breast,  
On some soft morning dimmed by humming bees,  
And vaporous buddings of gigantic trees,  
And steaming odours from all earth born flowers?  
Have you not held a heaven amid those hours  
Just for a moment?  
Just for one moment known the gasping calm  
That wraps up Heaven, the sweet astounding balm  
Flooding the Spring,  
When birds with beaks agape  
Forgot to sing?

ANNE F. BROWN.

**W**E hope someone will answer in the way he desires "Skilled Labourer," who, in a letter to the *Times*, asks why labour should attach importance to increased production. He says, "the workman believes that more production spells more unemployment." It would probably be difficult to convince him by mere abstract argument, but let him take the most important production, that of food, and consider it. The population must have food. That is a proposition which admits of no question. This can be supplied in two different ways. Home cultivation may be stimulated so that the nation as a whole lives on its resources. If that is not done, the only other way is to buy food from abroad, as we actually did before the war. But if this imported food were paid for in money, the wealth of the country would speedily be exhausted. That, too, is indisputable. It follows that increased productivity is demanded not only from the grower of crops, but from the manufacturer, so that the country may send abroad the equivalent in manufactured goods for the food that is brought in. We take it that in the future the country will try to increase its production of food and also supplement its own crops by purchasing from abroad. "Skilled Labourer" should sit down and consider how a country, overwhelmed with debt, can possibly lighten its burden except by increasing its real wealth. Food is the purest form of wealth, and land, as the necessary medium out of which it is obtained, always increases in wealth with its increased productivity. "Skilled Labourer" argues against cheapness, but surely he must see that, unless food is moderately cheap, high wages are of comparatively little use to him, and food cannot be cheapened except by producing more of it.

**O**NE of the most extraordinary ways of spending money unnecessarily has been discovered by the War Office, which proposes a considerable outlay on full-dress uniform

for the soldier. The idea is to go back to scarlet and other garish colours in which the soldier was dressed up before the South African war. The argument by which this recommendation is supported is that a smart dress has, in the past, proved one of the most efficacious means of securing recruits. That may be so, although it does not seem exactly tactful at the present moment to adopt this glorification of martial life. The steady, common-sense soldier, who has had unheard of associations with khaki during the war, will stigmatise such reasoning as foolish in the extreme. A sober khaki uniform is more to his liking than any red coat ever invented. It is to be hoped that the matter will come up for full discussion before Parliament. At the present moment economy is so vital to national welfare that we cannot imagine a House of Commons agreeing to this proposal. The nation is no longer in the position to ask what it can buy; the real question is what can it do without. To that category we must refer the proposed attempt to provide full dress uniforms for the soldiers.

THERE is special justification for the new regulations affecting rents and mortgages. Originally it was part of the business of "Dora" to prevent inconvenience during war-time. But in this case the condition of things has gone from bad to worse. Every day the shortness of houses becomes more oppressive, and if owners were allowed to raise the rents in proportion to the demand, there would be very great disturbances, followed by agitation and perhaps by violence. People cannot be made content unless they have a roof over their heads. It is not only that the progress of housing is retarded, but the repair and improvement of existing houses have been altogether prevented. This applies especially to cottage property. At pre-war prices a great many of these little houses could have been made habitable and nice without any loss to the owner. But just now the prices charged for doing repairs are so extravagant that in numerous cases cottages in need of something being done to make them habitable have been sold for a song rather than the owner should incur the expense of having them put right. Where the new law differs from its predecessor it is almost always in the right direction. The exemptions are reasonable, the interest of the tenant and the land owner are balanced fairly, and the holder of a mortgage is treated on the same principles as the landlord. It was inevitable that some such regulation should be brought into force and maintained until that most perplexing of problems, the provision of sufficient houses, has been solved.

MR. FELIX J. BLAKEMORE, President of the National Chamber of Trade, has not been deflected from his opinion that food prices are coming down by the numerous statements and arguments which have appeared in the papers. Therefore his reasons will bear examination. The first of them is that the consumption has reduced demand. That is true of nearly every article of consumption. When milk went up in price the demand went down. The present high price of sugar is leading people to abstain from sugar, and so we go on through a long list of articles, showing how that principle is working. Then a number of reasons hinge upon the state of this country as compared with Central Europe. America was prepared to send large quantities of food to Austria and Germany, but has not been able to fix up a satisfactory arrangement, and so the food collected for export to the Danube and the Rhine has been offered to the Thames. Another reason is found in the fall of shipping freights. This was bound to come if for no other reason than because the merchant tonnage now available is greater than it was before the war. Then, finally, Mr. Blakemore points to the fact that horses and other draught animals are being steadily displaced by machinery, with the result that food required for them is becoming available for the people. This should apply particularly to oatmeal, but there is no very great sign of it having taken place yet. There may be fewer horses to consume the oats, but somehow those who sell the oatmeal manage to keep the price up. On the other hand, several determined efforts have been made to affect a break in prices, notably in regard to tinned goods, and more may

be expected to follow, although no real cheapness can be effected until there is a greatly enlarged production.

NO battle in Scotland is suffused with more lasting memories than Culloden, unless, indeed, it is Flodden Hill. Culloden had more personal grief attached to it than any other in history. It marked the end of the rebellion of Prince Charlie, whose name became enshrined in the sweetest and most popular Jacobite songs. Even to-day, when the rubbish of the music-hall has passed like a wave over the land, such songs as "A wee bird cam' to our ha' door" "Charlie is my darling, the young chevalier," and "Will ye no come back again?" have not grown stale. From the battle of Culloden only a single banner survived. Many were sent to Edinburgh and there burned by the common hangman. The solitary survivor was carried by the second Lord Ogilvy's regiment and had been saved from falling into the hands of Hanoverian troops by Sir James Kinloch, then commanding the regiment. It was conveyed to his home at Logie, near Kirriemuir, and jealously guarded by the Kinloch family. The late Colonel Kinloch hid it for many years between two mattresses in his bed. It was bought at the auction at the Logie House sale a few weeks ago by Mr. Robert Lauder, a Glasgow dealer, for seven hundred and fifty pounds. Mr. Henderson Stewart, a prominent citizen of Dundee, secured it from him on condition that it should never leave Scotland, and has presented it to that town.

#### ST. JOAN OF ARC.

"Make me a knight that I may break a lance  
For your beloved France,

Oh! Joan the Maid!"

So cried your new ally and erstwhile foe  
Who at your side laid low  
The force against her liberty arrayed.

So Rome herself most nobly does re-cast  
That verdict of the past,

For now she knows

Not wrath Divine it was, but human ire  
Condemned you to the fire,  
Victim alike of treacherous friend and foes.

Dear Saint, since French and English we have stood  
Even as one mother's blood

On Gallic sod,

Obtain for us who shared a common death  
One great and common Faith  
To re-create a ruined world for God!

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

THERE are very few banners more calculated to appeal to that feeling for the romance and glamour of the past which is particularly strong in the Northern temperament. From the other battle we have mentioned, two torn and frayed banners survived and have been treasured for many centuries. One is that carried by the famous Soutars o' Selkirk and brought back by one of the survivors of that terrible fight. He was among the first to spread the ill-news that the Flowers o' the Forest had been "a' wede away." Another is the banner carried by the Seven Spears of Wedderburn and kept at Wedderburn House. It will be remembered that when Sir Walter Scott's attention was drawn to it he inserted the well known reference in a later edition of "Marmion." There are many colours jealously guarded, not only in Dundee and Selkirk, but in most of the Scottish towns. Yet we question if it would be possible to point to any that stir more poignant memories than these three.

IT would be difficult to say which was more proud and excited, the lecturer or his audience, when at the last of Sir Ernest Shackleton's lectures at the Philharmonic Hall, a line of bashful explorers mounted the platform, led by Mr. Frank Wild. Five years of war have made us emotionally a little callous, yet it was impossible to look unmoved into the shy, serious, weather-beaten faces of that little group of men who together, in the uttermost parts of the sea, had faced a thousand deaths with loyalty and courage. The moment gave a London audience a rare insight into the spirit which makes Polar exploration possible.



## THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT

**T**HERE has been an excellent change in the name of what used to be the Royal Naval, Military and Air Force Tournament. Instead of this clumsy collocation of terms it is now called The Royal Tournament, and nothing could be better. It was opened to the public on Friday at Olympia at 2.30. Although it has doffed a few superfluous words in its name it has lost nothing of its picturesque interest.

Though many aspects of the work of the Services on land and sea and in the air, perhaps the aspects which to-day most fascinate the popular mind, cannot be brought within the scope of the display, there is yet a wealth of romance and excitement in the Royal Tournament. After all, the public has been well supplied, through its illustrated newspapers, its films and the so graphic writings of its journalists, with pictures of the scientific and adventurous side of warfare. What the Royal Tournament can do, and this year splendidly does, is to show us the picturesque side, the colour and the glamour, the superb physical strength and agility of the Services and their skill and discipline.

For alacrity of movement and an almost superhuman unison of effort, nothing in the show surpasses the Royal Naval and Marine Inter-Port Field Trials, where two crews, Vivid A and Vivid B, compete in the dismantling and transport of guns over an obstacle, across a model river and back again. This spectacle both bewilders and amazes the onlooker, there

being an amount of noise, bustle and apparent confusion sufficient, one would suppose, to distract the hardiest human being. Nevertheless the task is brought to a successful conclusion in a very short space of time, while, indeed, the onlooker is still only recovering from his surprise. Very smart, too, are the display of the Machine Gun Corps and the bridge building of the Royal Engineers.

The display of physical drill is provided by the Royal Marine Light Infantry and is sure to be much admired, because of the difficulty of some of the exercises attempted and the flawlessness with which they are accomplished. Another popular item will doubtless be the Musical Ride of the Royal Horse Guards, a spectacle with which the public is familiar, but which, even if only for the pleasure of admiring the horses, would be well worth while. Those who have seen a similar performance in previous years will be able to imagine how delightful this part of the programme is. It conveys an impression of complete spontaneity. Watching the symmetrical movements, the beautifully measured steps, and the general harmony with which the music is interpreted, one forgets completely the long training which, with the skill of the riders, alone makes it possible. The riders themselves, to be sure, are brave figures. In such displays as this the natural grace of the well bred horse, so wonderful a thing at any time, gets a magnificent opportunity to display itself. A particularly



THE MUSICAL RIDE OF THE ROYAL HORSEGUARDS.





TRANSPORT IN NORTH RUSSIA.

effective movement is that when the horses are brought head to head together in greeting and, after a graceful movement backward, again approach while their riders cross lances. There is something of poetry in the Musical Ride.

The entry of a number of motor lorries, which at once begin to chase one another with considerable speed in a ring route round the middle of the arena, is the amusing opening of an amusing, though very interesting, interlude—the display of the Royal Army Service Corps. It is quickly followed by the appearance of a weird and wonderful assembly, ranging from a yak from Tibet and a zebu to pack ponies, being representatives from all over the world, from Mesopotamia to Murmansk, of the many different kinds of transport to which the Corps has had to resort in the last few years. These queer creatures and

contrivances, among them the sleigh drawn by dogs, which is used in North Russia, and with them the quaint fellows who in West and East Africa carry the burdens themselves, are marshalled, not without difficulty, in a line, and there confront the audience, to its considerable amusement.

The most ambitious and the concluding part of the programme, and one in which the picturesque note predominates is the pageant entitled "I Remember," where the soldiers and sailors of the past parade around a central dais, from which they are contemplated, as in a dream, by veteran heroes, naval and military. From 1780 to the Boer War and the armies of to-day, not khaki-clad but rivalling their predecessors in picturesqueness, glimpses are shown of the successive generations of Empire-builders; and the incidental music by



AN AFRICAN CARRIER.



THE YAK AS A PACK ANIMAL.

Lieutenant C. Hoby, R.M.L.I., incorporating old English tunes, among them "Begone Dull Care," fills the mind with pleasant pictures of the happy—or could one still, in the last century, say "Merrie"?—England for whom these warriors fought. Especially must it be mentioned that the Nelsonic sailors, in addition to having the pigtailed and glazed hats, had precisely the right kind of impudent expression.

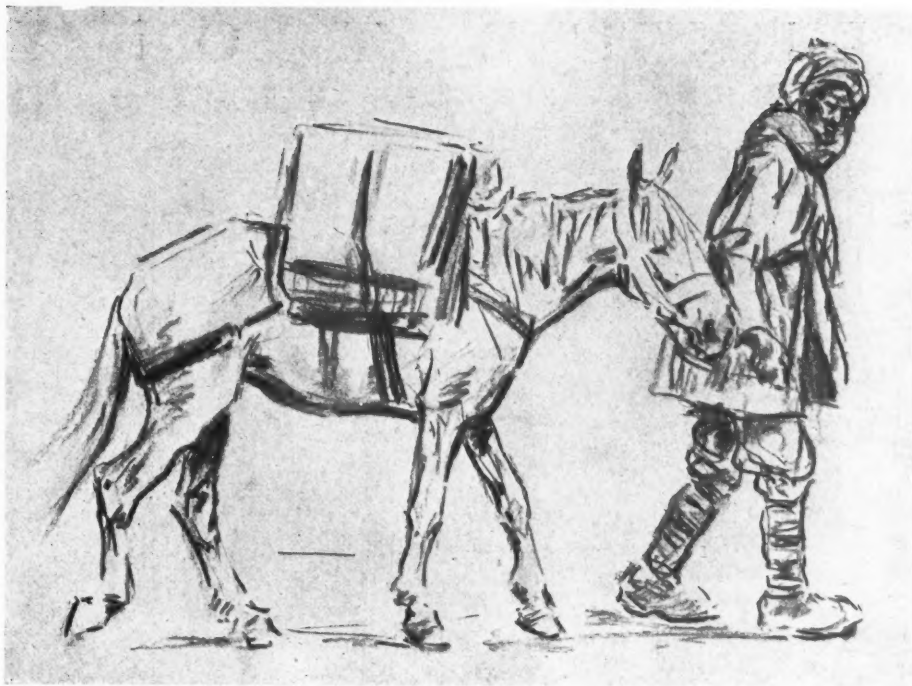
A quite dramatic effect is gained in the Drill by the Drum, carried out by the King's Company of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, dressed in the uniform of 1793. Each movement is signalled by a sharp tap of the drum, but the signal is preceded by a stirring roll which brings the men to the "ready." The effect is heightened by the statuesque stillness of the ranks between the various movements.

A word should also be said of the Royal Field Artillery's display of vaulting. It is given by men of the 3rd Battery and is a brilliant exhibition of dexterous horsemanship.

## JESSE COLLINGS

THE *Life of the Right Hon. Jesse Collings* (Macmillan) is in two parts—one written by himself, and the other after he became too ill to write, by Sir John L. Green. Of these the first is decidedly the more interesting from the human point of view. Jesse Collings came of very humble stock. His ancestral house is shown in a photograph which he used to carry with him. It is a wretched, tumbledown cottage. He was possessed of an extraordinary tenacity and worked himself up from earning a shilling a week in his sister's shop to the position of Lord Mayor of Birmingham. There was nothing spectacular in this rise. He attained it by steadiness, industry and perseverance. The late Sir Samuel Smiles would have found the biography exactly suited to his favourite theme, which was that of showing how the good boy came to town with half-a-crown in his pocket and ended as a millionaire. But the charm of the book to most readers will be other than this. In politics the part played by Mr. Jesse Collings was that of champion of the peasants. His name is most familiar in connection with the movement which he started, generally known as "three acres and a cow." His interest in the agricultural labourer seems to have been born with him and never forgotten during the whole of his long life. In this book he shows himself a countryman by temperament as well as by election. His book is an idyll in its way. He sprang from a family called Palmer, who had lived, he says, "from time immemorial at the small agricultural village of Broadhembury." He is proud to think his ancestors may have been peasant proprietors. Among the things handed down by them were some leather-bound folio Bibles, old china, old silver teaspoons with the initials of the family name marked on them and the date 1713, which is interesting but not conclusive evidence, as in the eighteenth century people who were not necessarily of good position, but respectable, sacrificed a great deal to acquire household goods of this kind. His memory goes back with evident pleasure to the rural surroundings of his people. The family was as old as the parish register, as in the first year of that chronicle it is recorded that Joane Palmer was buried on the "13th daie of April." One of the latest entries appeared in 1910 and was that of Sarah Palmer, who worked hard in the fields and brought up eleven children on eight shillings a week.

Mr. Collings is naturally proud of the compliment paid him in broad peasant dialect by an aged farmer, who said: "Thy grandfeyther were the vinest all-round agricultural labourer in the parish. . . . He worked for I from a boy till from old age he could work no longer." The three daughters of his grandfather worked for the same farmer for sixpence a day as girls, and ninpence a day as young women and an allowance of cider. His mother, after leaving Broadhembury, went into domestic service at Topsham, about four miles from Exeter, and there she met a bricklayer named Thomas Collings, who became her husband. The couple settled in the parish of Littleham, and ten out of their eleven children were born there. The family annals have more than a personal interest, because they throw a light upon the doings of the class to which they



THE INDIAN PACK PONY.

belonged. Mr. Collings remembers his father as a "broad-shouldered, well built man of middle height" who "wore yellow breeches and a blue coat cut Quaker fashion and large brass buttons." He was a religious man, who took his family to church every Sunday morning. This church had a "three decker" pulpit. The lowest was occupied by the clerk, the lessons were read from the second, and the sermon was preached from the upper deck by a clergyman in a black Geneva gown with black bands, no white surplice being then worn. The clergyman was not opposed to Sunday sports, and when the younger children had finished reading verses by turn out of the Bible they were allowed to have their games. The mother did not go to church or chapel, but seemed to have regarded them with a kindly sort of toleration. The children were educated in the Church school free. It is interesting to know that the books in the house were Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Pilgrim's Progress," favourites all of them in every county of England. The boy, Jesse, supplemented the hard reading of these books with the *Family Herald* and the *London Journal*. When he was young paraffin and paraffin lamps were unknown in the village. Sick rooms were lighted with rush-lights, i.e., candles with rushes instead of cotton for wicks. Friction matches had been invented, but were fearfully dear. When the nights were dark people found their way about by the light of horn lanterns. Instead of matches, a tinder box with flint and steel was used for lighting the fire in the morning. In the long winter evenings when there was no daylight the family used to go to bed about eight o'clock to save the expense of candles. The younger children made their toilet in the wash-house with a tub of cold water; they wore no flannels, and the same shirt was worn day and night, so that the toilet was quick and simple. Mr. Collings will not have it that the "hungry 'forties" were hungry at all. He proves by figures that food was plentiful and cheap. That might be the case in Devon, for all we know, but there were many parts of England where hunger was no mere fancy, and that is capable of absolute proof. This is the human part of the story, and altogether delightful. But when Mr. Collings gets further forward in the world he is not quite so interesting. He has not the art of depicting the famous contemporaries with whom he came into contact. We have a brief glimpse of John Bright and a still slighter one of Gladstone. Joseph Chamberlain comes in and goes out on very familiar terms, but the reader is not brought into taking part in this intimacy. The thread that runs through all the life, however, is that unending interest in the labouring man that began with the childhood of Collings and has not ended yet, despite the length of his days and of his career.

Sir John Green's contribution to the book is a piece of solid politics recounting the history of the Rural League. He has not the biographical touch with which we are mainly concerned here, but he adduces many weighty and remarkable facts about the organisation with which his name, as well as that of Mr. Collings, has been closely associated. The book is well deserving of a place in any library as the life history of a singularly interesting figure. No one will read it without feeling an increased respect, if that were possible, for the spotless honour and integrity of the life led by Mr. Jesse Collings and the faithfulness with which he remained loyal to the class from which he sprang. The picture of rural life in the middle of last century is valuable in itself, and the chronicle written by Sir John Green records the history of a movement which has very considerably affected the fortunes and ambitions of the agricultural labourer.



# FURNITURE AT HORNBY CASTLE

By PERCY MACQUOID.

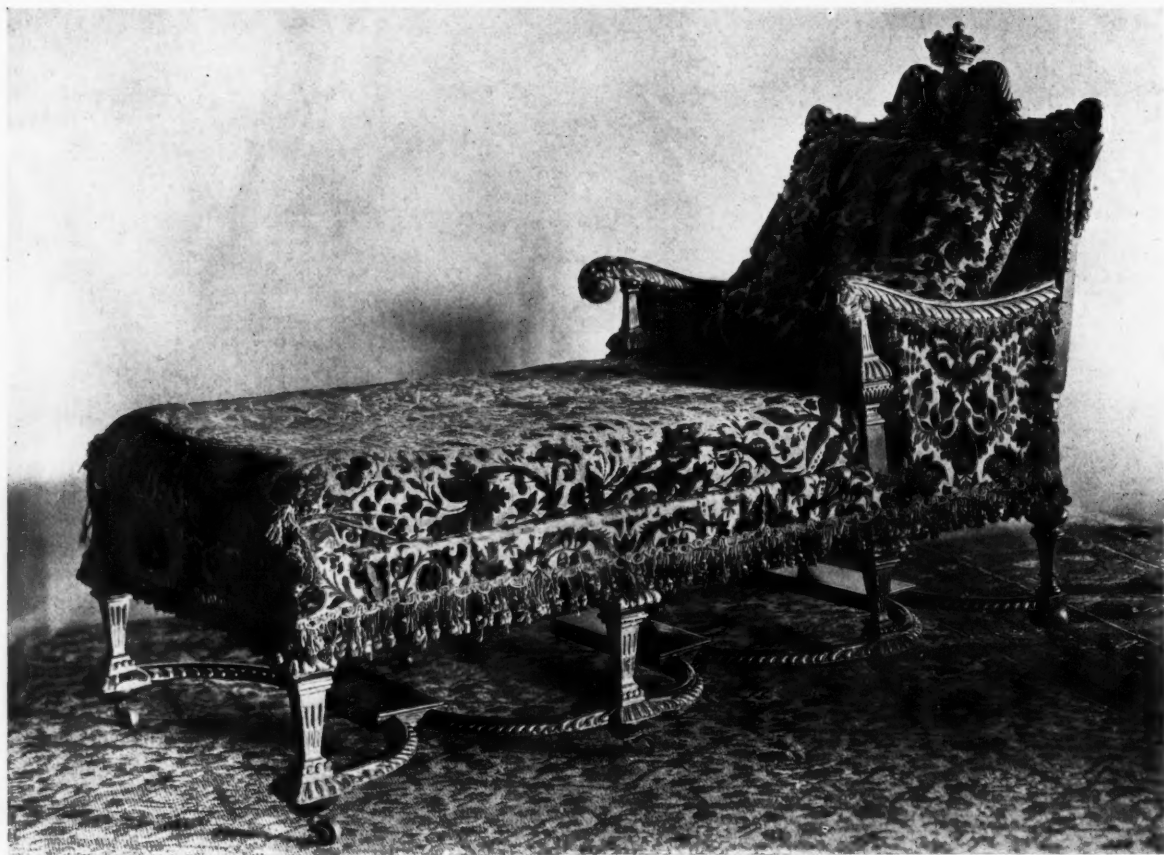


FIG. 1.—DAY-BED, BEECHWOOD PAINTED BLACK AND GOLD, CARVED WITH CYPHER OF FIRST DUKE OF LEEDS, AND COVERED WITH GENOA VELVET ON A CREAM GROUND, AND CONTEMPORARY FRINGE. LENGTH, 5ft. 2in.; WIDTH, 2ft. 6in. DATE 1694.

**H**ORNBY CASTLE, the seat of the Duke of Leeds, is one of the few fine houses in this country where important sets of Late Stuart furniture are to be found, covered with their original velvets, silks, galons and fringes. Knole Park is also rich in early Jacobean examples and some isolated specimens of Carolean upholstery; Glemham Hall has its fine bed and red velvet chairs; and Hampton Court, Leominster, a similar bed in

blue with a suite of chairs; and these, with the somewhat mutilated beds, chairs and stools at Hampton Court Palace, are existing proofs of some of the many extravagances of the wealthy in the seventeenth century for the furnishing of their great chambers and State bedrooms; but among all these varied specimens none surpasses in luxury and refinement of taste the State day-bed and couch, Figs. 1 and 2, made for Sir Thomas Osborne, who was created first Duke of Leeds in

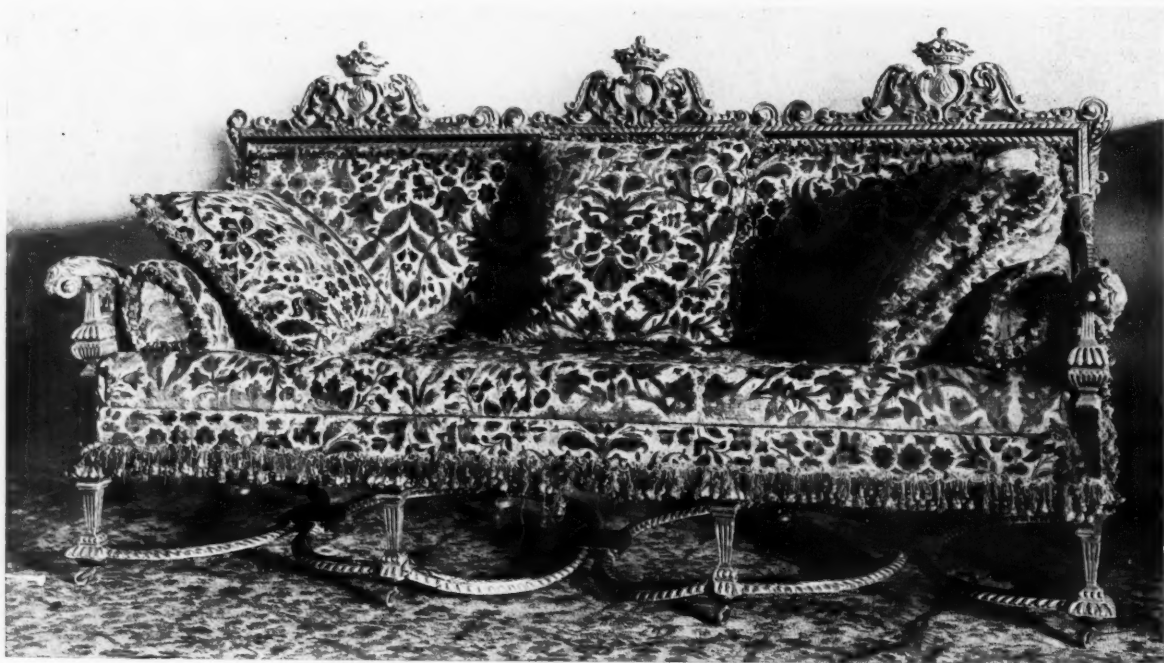


FIG. 2.—COUCH, TO MATCH FIG. 1, WITH ITS ORIGINAL CUSHIONS. DATE 1694.





FIG. 3.—ARMCHAIR OF X FORM, PAINTED IN RED AND GOLD AND COVERED IN RED AND SILVER DAMASK. STOOL WITH GILT CARVING ON RED PAINTED GROUND, COVERING OF ROSE WATERED SILK AND SILVER PASSEMENTERIE. CIRCA 1715.



FIG. 4.—DOUBLE CHAIR-BACKED SETTEE, BLACK AND GILT WOOD, COVERED WITH GENOA VELVET IN RED, BLUE AND BLACK ON A CREAM GROUND. HEIGHT, 5ft. 3in.; LENGTH, 5ft. 8in. CIRCA 1690.

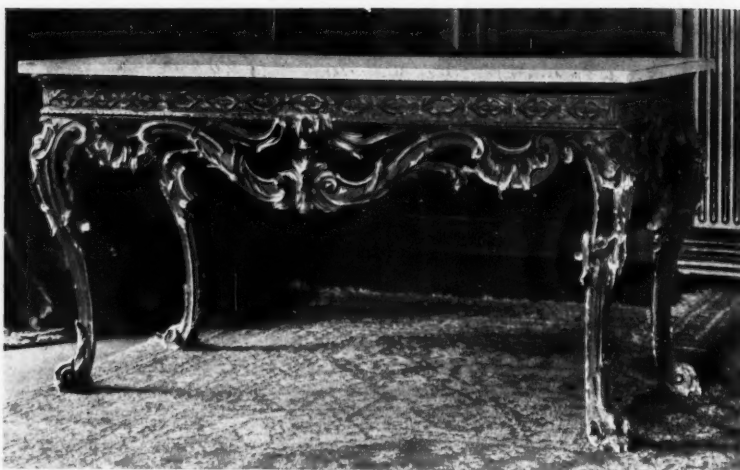
1694. Although somewhat French in construction and notably so in the circular lines of the stretchers, English peculiarities are everywhere apparent, particularly in the carving of the crestings, where Osborne, evidently proud to commemorate his new honours, introduced the ducal coronet with his cypher amid the fine acanthus scrolling. It is not the black and gold woodwork of this furniture that demands so much attention as the seats, backs and cushions that are covered with superb flowered Genoa velvet of medium-size design in turquoise, green and orange on a cream ground; both pieces are lavishly trimmed with picturesque fringes composed of small tassels that in the present day would cost quite £10 a yard.

Another remarkably rare settee is Fig. 4. This is very tall in the back, being an elaborate development of the double chair-backed settee first introduced about 1678 (for up to that time the line of settee backs had been straight). The woodwork of the wings finishes in gilt and black finials and in spiral whorls on the outside; the arms have a wide roll over, and the seat continues in corresponding curves; the seat rail drops in a series of curved and squared pendants from which the legs spring, these being again connected by elaborately carved stretchers. These details are of the greatest interest, being the first known instances of a treatment adopted on sofas, tables and chairs in the succeeding century. This remarkable piece is upholstered in a flowered Genoa velvet of red, black and blue on a buff ground, the woodwork throughout being black and gold. Another settee of less elaborate type is covered in Spitalfields Utrecht velvet.

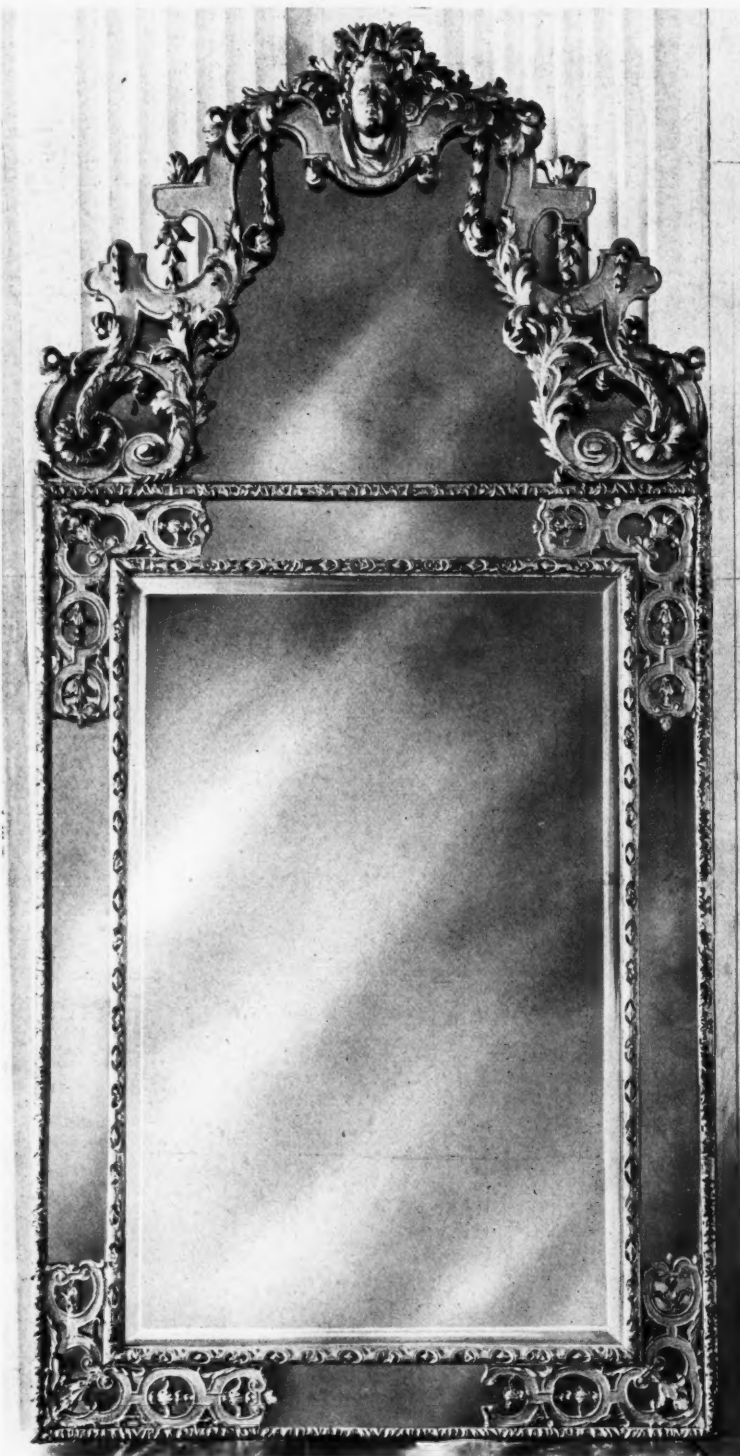
It is an interesting fact that by 1700 the Spitalfields industries had attained such success that foreign importations of silks and velvets were for a time prohibited; the design was evidently made to suit these tall backs and replace the very costly Genoa velvets employed hitherto for this style of furniture, curtains and wall hangings, and the durability of this Utrecht quality is proved by the present condition of these coverings which, after over two hundred years of wear, are still hard and in good condition. It should be noted that Figs. 1 and 2 are mounted on casters, much detracting from their original proportions.

Little remains of the Conyers and D'Arcy furniture at Hornby Castle, but there is a very curious carved chair of yew or cherry-wood of Elizabethan construction, *circa* 1560, which bears the Conyers' lion with two unicorns as supporters; the carved initials "A. C." on the pennants are probably those of Anne Clifford, who married John Lord Conyers about that time, and this fashion of initialling chairs was usually confined to the fair sex. It is an extremely early example of an Elizabethan chair, the arms being flattened and carved on the upper surface, as in all early chairs of this type.

Beautiful specimens of lacquered furniture can be found scattered throughout the house; among them is a twelve-leaved Korean screen, decorated with incised representations in polychrome of people amid landscapes and plants, all drawn in the best Chinese style. By the end of the seventeenth century tall screens of eight or ten leaves of stamped, coloured leather or Chinese lacquer were universally used in the large rooms of the new Carolean mansions as a protection from the draughts in winter. In the country of their origin these lacquer screens formed divisions between the men's and women's apartments,



SIDE TABLE, ORIGINALLY GILT. *CIRCA* 1750.



CARVED AND GILT MIRROR. *CIRCA* 1695.

FIG. 5.—FRENCH CHIPPENDALE SIDE TABLE OF ADVANCED TYPE, WITH WHITE MARBLE TOP AND OPEN C SCROLLED FRAME. ORIGINALLY GILT, NOW PAINTED DULL GREEN.

FIG. 6.—EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CARVED AND GILDED MIRROR, FRAME CORNERED WITH OPEN CARVED STRAPWORK PROBABLY BY DANIEL MAROT.

and were imported here in considerable quantities by the Dutch and East India Companies.

English Oriental taste is well represented at Hornby, though probably most of this particular furniture was brought from Kiveton in 1773 when Francis Osborne fifth Duke of Leeds married Lady Amelia D'Arcy, the heiress to Hornby Castle. Among these are a set of stools and chairs (Fig. 3) in red lacquer and some black and red lacquered cabinets, all of high quality. The chairs are an interesting revival of form, for they are X shaped, the legs and arms being carved with the Louis XIV motive of this time and are gilt on a red

necessity to supplement their means of livelihood by lacquering furniture in the much desired Chinese taste; the clever C scrolling of the stand above the legs, and the masked pendant, form a most clever effort in early decorated Georgian furniture. A perfect specimen of this light scarlet lacquer with silver decorations is extremely rare, and when, as in the present instance, it possesses silver lockplates and hinges, is very valuable.

Much other fine eighteenth century furniture is to be found at Hornby, including a remarkable gilt side table, *circa* 1720, with its red and green Devonshire marble top supported by a frame carved with great freedom and power, in which the



FIG. 7.—CABINET AND STAND OF PALE SCARLET LACQUER WITH SILVER LOCKPLATE AND HINGES. *CIRCA* 1720.

ground, the seats and backs being upholstered with fine silver and crimson damask, mounted on rose taffeta. The stools are frankly of a pattern of 1715, the acanthus being hipped well on the seat rail, which is decorated in gilt carving on a red painted ground with the same border motive as on the rare English red lacquer cabinet (Fig. 7); they have their original coverings of rose watered silk with a border and panel of silver passementerie. The remarkable pale scarlet lacquer ground of the cabinet is decorated in silver with beautifully drawn designs in the Chinese style by an English artist, for many unsuccessful painters at this time had been induced by

pendant or apron centres in a mask of most unusual beauty. There are many other tables of this type, both earlier and later; fine mirrors and other rare examples among the various suites of walnut and mahogany chairs and settees that have accumulated in the castle during Georgian times.

Among the many art treasures should be mentioned an English standing cup and cover of rock crystal, set in elaborate silver-gilt mountings which bear the London hallmark of 1583 and are of most beautiful workmanship. The cover is domed in the Elizabethan manner, while the crystal of the cup is contained within slender caryatides connecting the rim with the stem.



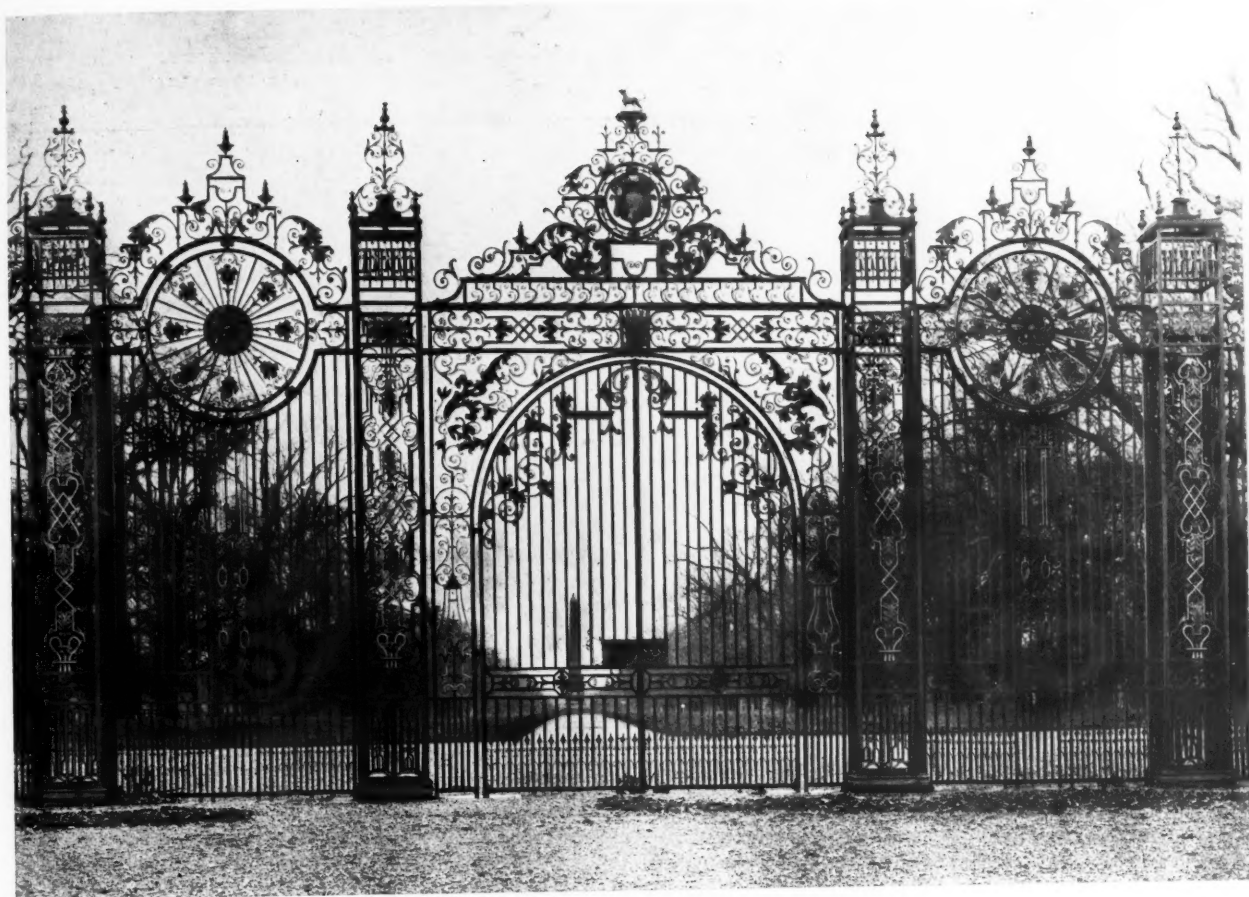


**A**LTHOUGH it still is the Cheshire home where the head of the Grosvenor family has been seated since Plantagenet days, Eaton Hall impresses by its modernity, for its seventeenth century features were enfolded, where not destroyed, by immense nineteenth century buildings. It is a gigantic Victorian pile—the largest and most elaborate of the mansions erected in that prosperous reign by the fashionable imitators of the Gothic style. It was reckoned as the domestic *chef d'œuvre* of Alfred Waterhouse, than whom no architect of his time was more able or more popular, although a strong reaction set in and now prevails against his architectural forms and principles.

Eaton lies on the Dee, four miles south of Chester. Here in Saxon times was a water-surrounded township—one of our many Etons. Under the early Plantagenets the manor was held by a family that became known by the place name, and in Edward II's reign Robert de Eton claims large riparian rights as holding, under the Chester earldom, the serjeancy of the Dee. This included control and supervision of the fishing, a weir, a ferry and its dues. Under Henry VI all this passed to a Grosvenor by marriage with the heiress. An old Grosvenor pedigree claims descent from Gilbert le Gros Veneur, a nephew of Hugh Lupus. Chester, that strong outpost of the Romans against the wild peoples of the West, retained its military character under William the Conqueror, who made his nephew, Hugh of Avranches (surnamed the Wolf from his fierce character),

Earl with extensive palatine rights. His direct line ended with the drowning of his son Richard, at the foundering of the *White Ship* in 1120, and the Earldom passed to Ranulph des Mechaines, whose descendants held it till 1237, after which it was not granted to a subject, but remained in the hands of the Crown as an appanage for the King's eldest son. Thus it is that in 1411 we find Prince Hal issuing a warrant to John de Eton as "Custos" of the Dee, bidding him to remove all obstructions from the river and to bring the forfeited nets to the Castle of Chester. Evidently in the troublous times salmon poaching had been rife. Ralph Grosvenor, who married the heiress of Eaton, was a cadet of the house that owned Cheshire estates at Budworth and Hulme. The family had provided many a knight engaged in civil wars, fighting in France and crusading to the Holy Land. Of them was Sir Robert Grosvenor, who fought at Poitiers and spent much of his life campaigning in Guienne, Normandy, Spain and Scotland, ever displaying on his shield azure, a bend *or*. His right to do so was challenged by Sir Richard Scrope, and under the presidency of Edward III's youngest son, the Duke of Gloucester, a Court of Honour tried the case from 1386 to 1389 deciding against Sir Robert, although knights, gentlemen and abbots of Cheshire and Lancashire trooped up to aver that his ancestors had ever used this coat. His grandson, who acquired Eaton by marriage, became in due time head of the family, and his descendants further added to the Cheshire estates by inheritance





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2.—CENTRAL GATE OF THE CLAIRVOYEE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



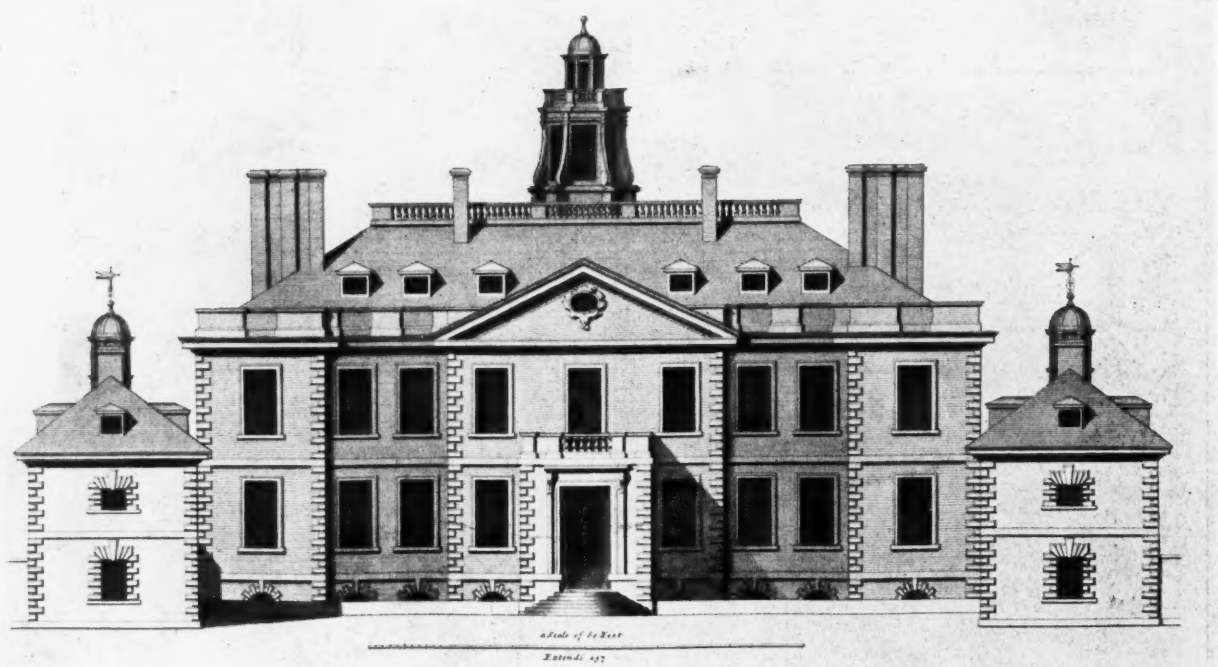
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3.—PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE CLAIRVOYEE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It was made by the Roberts Brothers, and originally placed in front of the Charles II house as seen in Fig. 7.





4.—EATON HALL AS COMPLETED UNDER CHARLES II.

From a plate in the "Vitruvius Britannicus."

and purchase. How they were housed in Tudor times we do not know, but we find a Thomas Grosvenor dwelling in 1567 in the "capitall messuage or chief mancōn house called the haule of Eton." Probably a typical old Cheshire timber-framed structure, it will have survived until young Sir Thomas Grosvenor swept it away under Charles II, and erected a fine Late Renaissance house of brick and stone. His great grandfather had become Sir Richard Grosvenor, first baronet, in 1622, and had been succeeded by his son in 1645. Civil war was raging, and the Grosvenors were on the King's side. The second baronet, "connected," as Ormerod tells us, "by near relationship with the most distinguished loyalists of the county of Chester, and an active leader and severe sufferer in the royal cause," found his property sequestered when Parliament gained the upper hand and "was sheltered in the house of a neighbouring gentleman until the Restoration." Then all was well again,

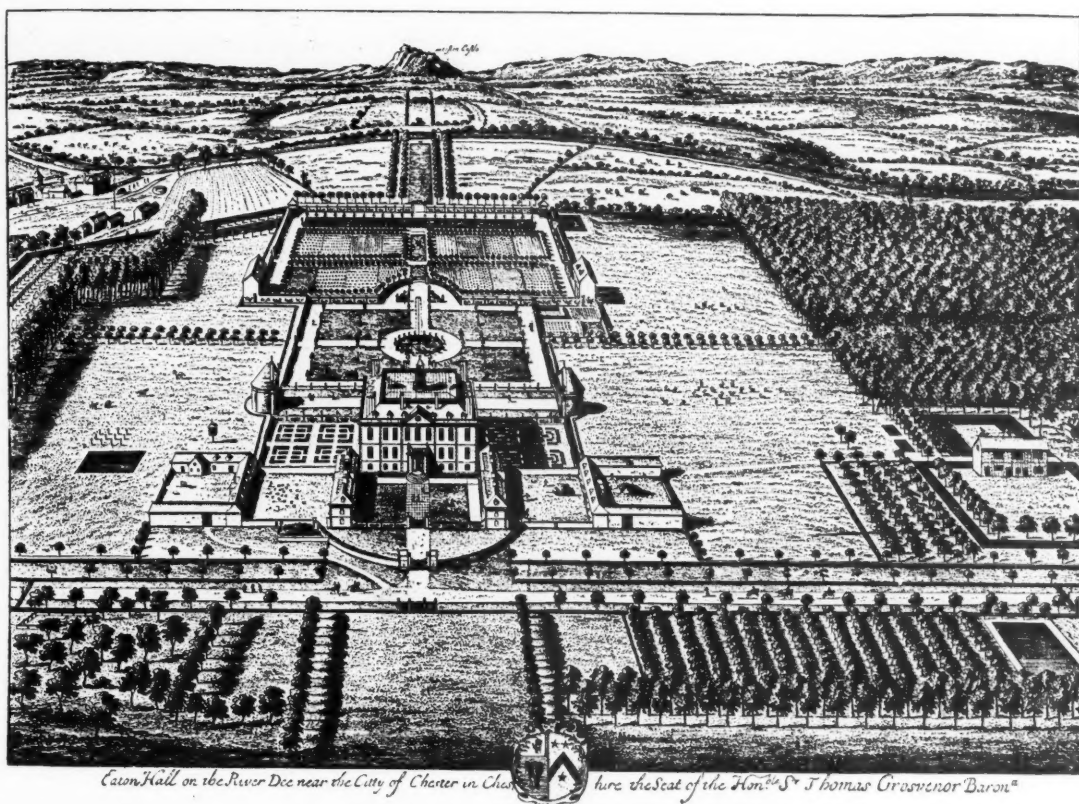
and he must have held prosperous estates when he died in 1664, leaving a grandson, aged eight, as his heir. He it was who, thirteen years later, marrying the heiress of London acres that have gradually grown of immense value, laid the foundations of the great wealth of the Grosvenors. But it is now made clear that he must have himself inherited ample means, for he commenced rehousing himself while still a bachelor. It has hitherto been accepted as a fact that he employed Vanbrugh to design his new mansion about the year 1690, long after he wedded Miss Davis, as a sumptuous country home for his rich bride. This tradition is inaccurate on the face of it, and probably arose because Sir John Vanbrugh was born in Chester, where his father was a respected citizen and sugar-baker. John was not born till 1664, and served sufficiently long in the Army to obtain a captaincy. He next appears as a dramatist, his plays becoming much in vogue during the closing years of the



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5.—THE GARDEN FRONT TO-DAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



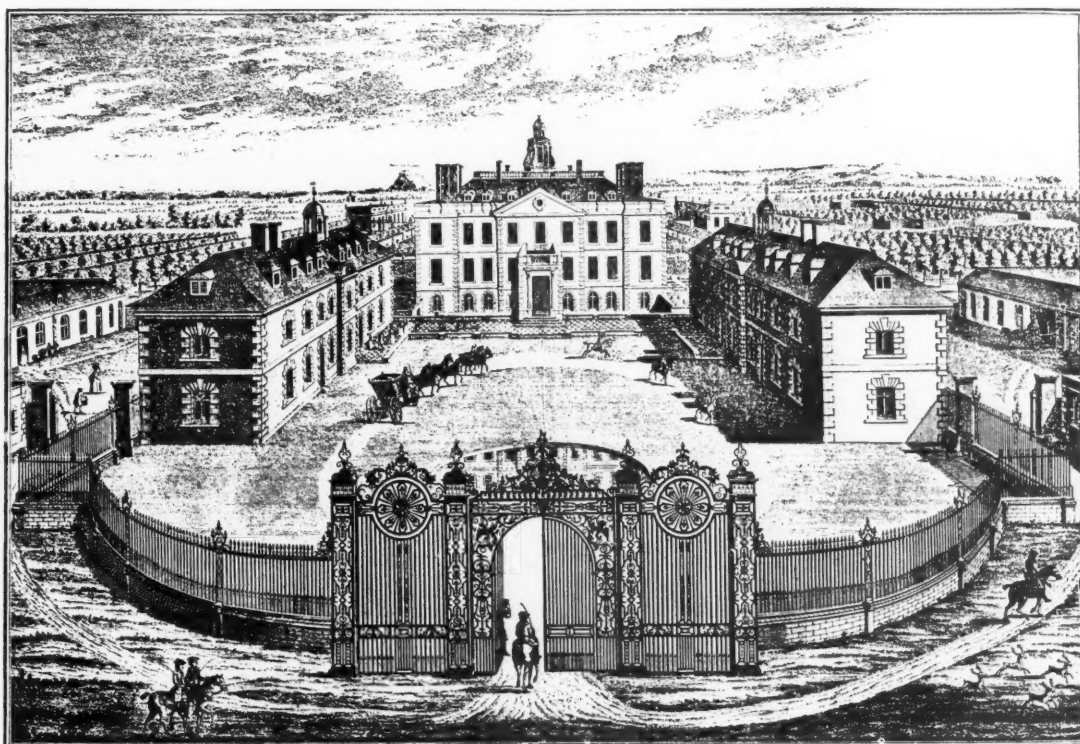
*Eaton Hall on the River Dee near the City of Chester in Cheshire the Seat of the Hon.<sup>ble</sup> S<sup>r</sup> Thomas Grosvenor Baron*

6.—THE HOUSE AND GROUNDS IN 1700.

From Kip's engraving.

seventeenth century. His architectural aspirations then attracted the attention of the Earl of Carlisle, for whom he was designing Castle Howard in 1699, although work was not begun there until 1701. Therefore 1690 is too early a date to assign for any of his architectural work, and yet, as a matter of fact, Eaton Hall had been built a good many years before that. A careful history of Sir Thomas and Lady Grosvenor is being prepared by Mr. Charles Gatty, who has access to the Eaton muniments. He kindly permits me to say that he has come across the accounts of one T. Burton that include all the items of the building of the house, the disbursements on this head beginning in 1675 and continuing till 1683. Sir Thomas, therefore, was only in his twentieth year when he started to build the house of which

Colin Campbell gave two plates in the second volume of his "Vitruvius Britannicus" (Fig. 4), where we read: "The first contains the general Plan of the Offices and principal Story which is very Handsom and Commodious: in the Plan one may observe a great Regard to State and Conveniency, the Size of the Rooms being judiciously varied and generally the Rules of Proportion are maintained in all the Apartments: In the second Plate is the Front of the House and Offices, the Corners are dress'd with Rusticks of a good Tast, and the Fabric is crown'd with a Cupola." Neither from Campbell nor from Burton do we hear a word as to the architect, but in the accounts there is an item of £6 7s. 7d. paid to "John Taler that he layd out for y<sup>e</sup> modall that came from London." Such



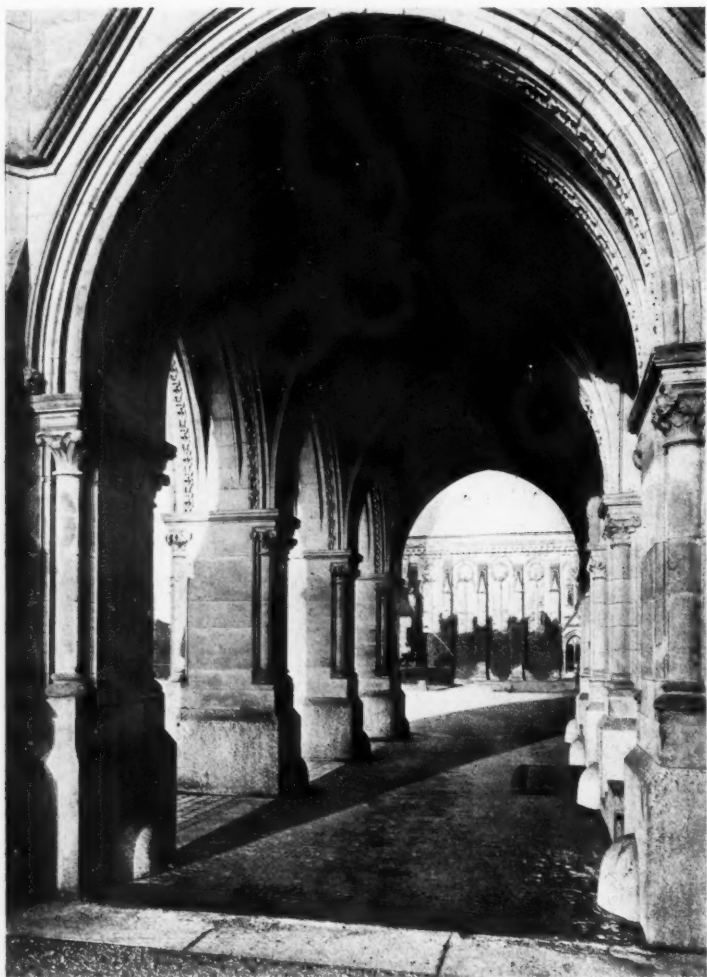
7.—THE HOUSE AND FORECOURT AS IN 1740.

Thomas Badeslade's drawing. From Macartney's "English Homes and Gardens." (Batsford.)





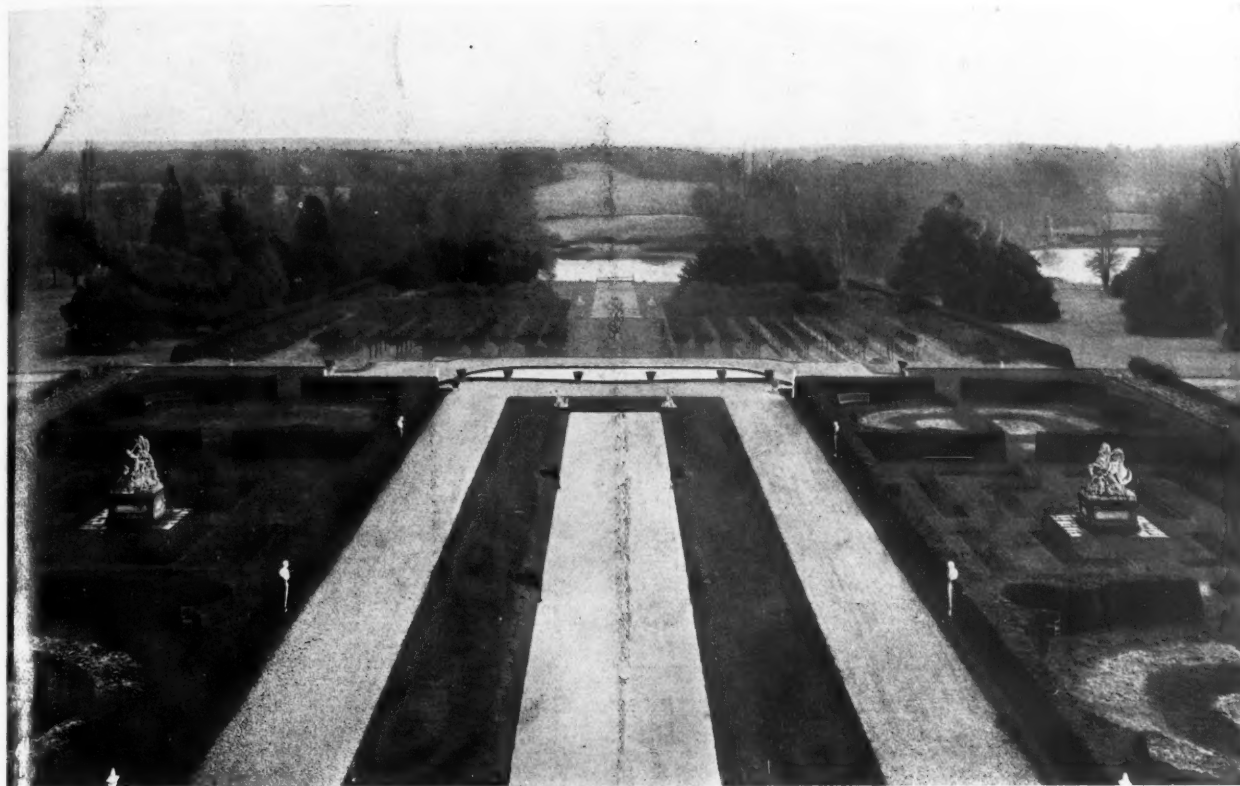
Copyright. 8.—DETAIL OF THE GARDEN FRONT. "C.L."



Copyright. 9.—GOTHIC ARCADING AT THE ENTRANCE. "C.L."

models are now often made, but that is only a revival, for they were by no means unusual with our Late Renaissance designers, and Vanbrugh writes, in 1699, how the model of Castle Howard is "preparing in wood, which when done is to travel to Kensington, where the King's thoughts upon 't are to be had." In many ways the design of Eaton resembles that of its contemporary Belton (and especially in the "platform" character of the central portion of the roof on which stands the big cupola), except that at Belton the central block is only 60ft. in thickness and the ends project very considerably as wings, giving some measure of the H-shaped plan which Inigo Jones sought to displace by a rectangle with very slight projections. This we find at Eaton, which merely broke forward enough to disengage the "Rusticks" of the centre and ends, and was shorter but much thicker than Belton, the respective measurements being 112ft. by 85ft. and 150ft. by 60ft. This gave at Eaton a saloon 32ft. square and a hall of the same width but 13ft. deeper, as the big central rooms; at each side there being half a dozen smaller rooms and a staircase. Steps led down to a forecourt, on each side of which ran long office buildings, the ends being connected by a low wall and gates, and beyond, forming a great semicircle, lay another low wall and other gates. Such we see it in the "Prospect" (Fig. 6) engraved by Kip from a drawing made by Knyff shortly before the death of Sir Thomas in 1700. But in the time of his eldest son the semicircle was rearranged as a wrought ironwork clairovoyée, with very lofty overthrow to the gates and equally high side panels supported by four hollow square piers. All this was the work of the Roberts brothers. They came from Chirk or its neighbourhood, but how and where they learnt to design and execute grillage in the splendid manner which Tijou introduced into England does not appear. As owner of Chirk Castle Sir Robert Myddelton gave them their first great opportunity, and in 1719 they executed the noble gates and clairovoyée still to be found at the Castle, although more than once moved. They next worked for Sir George Wynn at Leeswood Hall in Flintshire, where their fine screen remains *in situ*. Thus their reputation was established throughout this part of Britain, and their Eaton gates—which, though moved and modified, yet survive (Figs. 2 and 3)—are very similar to a set they put up at Shrewsbury, but which are now at Newnham Paddox. The triple arrangement and the large circles in the side panels were adopted in both cases. Their date is about 1725, and the Eaton arrangement is excellently given in a plate (Fig. 7) published by Badeslade in 1740, when Sir Thomas's youngest son was owner.

It was in 1677, at the Church of St. Clement Danes, that Sir Thomas wedded Mary Davies, he having recently come of age and she being a girl of thirteen. She was of a family of London citizens, who had taken citizens' daughters as wives for some generations. Her grandfather, belonging to the Drapers' Company, had married the heiress of Stephen Peacock, and one of his sons was Lord Mayor in the very year when Mary became a child wife. Her father, Alexander Davies, scrivener, had died of the plague when she was an infant. We have been told that she was in charge of her maternal grandfather, Dr. Dukeson, Rector of St. Clement Danes, a Cheshire man, who encouraged her early marriage to the Cheshire baronet, but Mr. Gatty finds that the real story is quite different. Her portion consisted of the estate of "Ebury, towards Chelsea," stretching south of Hyde Park to the river, and of a large holding between Tyburn Brook and Park Lane. Her father also bought Milbank, where Sir Thomas and his wife resided while in town. There are several houses dating from their time still standing in the Grosvenor Road, but the nineteenth century was reached before the southern estate lost its rural character, and although the Park Lane area developed earlier, Lord Chesterfield considered himself as quite in the wilds when he built his well known house in 1749.



Copyright.

10.—THE GARDENS STRETCHING TO THE RIVER DEE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It will be seen that this recent layout is on the same lines as that shown in Fig. 6, date 1700.

Three of Sir Thomas's sons followed him in succession. Then, in 1755, the son of the youngest came into possession, and was Cupbearer at George III's Coronation in 1761, when, on the elder Pitt's recommendation, he was created Baron Grosvenor of Eaton. Twenty-three years later, when the younger Pitt had begun his long tenure of power, the barony became an earldom. Not as a politician or public servant,

but as "the greatest breeder of racing stock in England of his day" did the first earl impress his contemporaries, and the tradition continued to the day when the first duke, his great-grandson, won the Derby with Bend Or. Until the first earl's death in 1802 Eaton Hall remained as we see it in Badeslade's view. But his son and successor was badly bitten by the neo-Gothic taste, and in 1803 he employed William Porden,

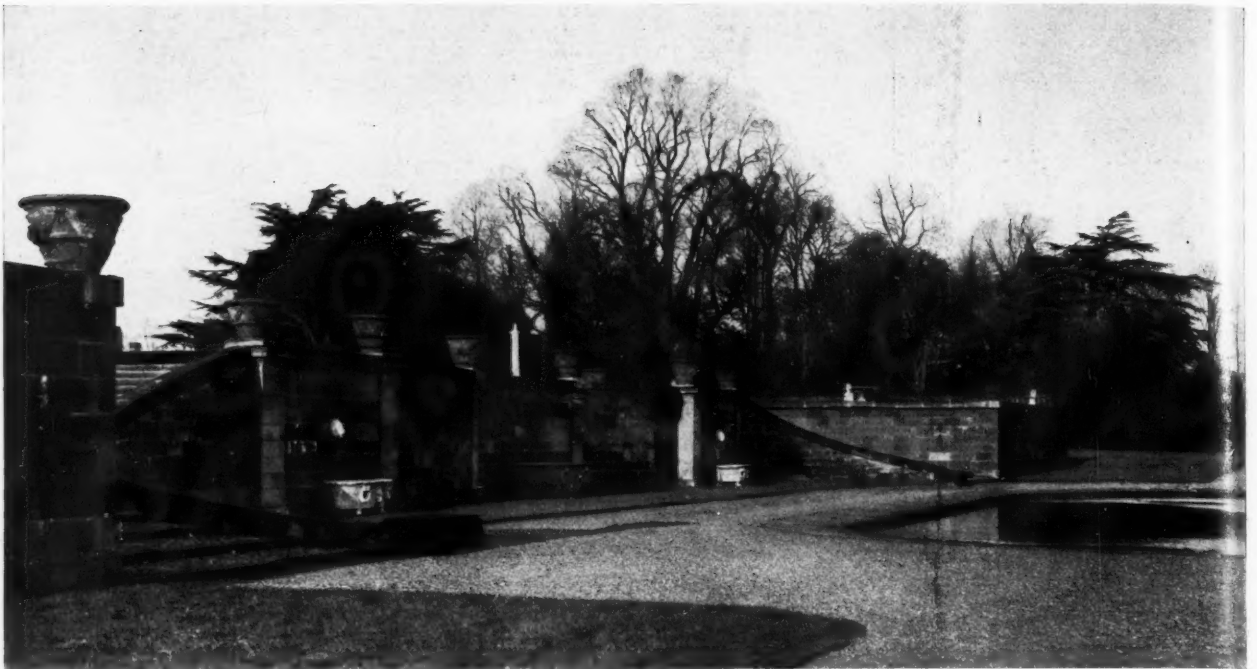


Copyright.

11.—STATUARY GROUP IN ONE OF THE TOPIARY GARDENS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





Copyright.

12.—DESCENT FROM THE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

then esteemed an "eminent architect," to destroy the old hall and re-edify and enlarge it in the fashionable taste. The job was a dozen years in hand, so that Ormerod, the historian of Cheshire, describes it in 1818 as "newly re-erected." The vaulted basement storey and the walls of hall and saloon were retained, but wings were added, "which brought up the entire length to 450 feet." No vestige of the Charles II period was allowed to show; inside and out all was pure Porden. "Octagonal turrets, buttresses and pinnacles" abounded. Though the style was "uniformly the pointed Gothic" the plan was "not formed upon that of any kind of either castellated or religious

building," and Porden, while proposing to himself generally the style of Edward III, "did not scruple to depart from it for the sake of producing what he deemed a better effect." The choicest betterment seems to have been window tracery of cast iron, but that, however, had but a short period of popularity. The second Earl Grosvenor became first Marquess of Westminster when William IV. was crowned in 1831, and on his death in 1845 his son and successor employed Mr. Burn in making alterations, of which the removal of the cast iron appears to have been an item. But in 1870 the second marquess and first duke began another complete revolution, and the Gothic



Copyright.

13.—ONE OF THE TOPIARY GARDENS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of William Porden gave way to the Gothic of Alfred Waterhouse, (Fig. 5) described in the guide book as "early pointed Gothic, freely treated."

Although it is now recognised that modern habits of life, and the consequent planning, fitting and furnishing of our houses, are so far removed from the mediæval spirit that the effort to combine them in domestic architecture produces unsympathetic results, yet the Eaton of Alfred Waterhouse was the product of a wide and eager study of the Gothic age, and includes a great deal of beautifully designed, if rather harshly executed detail (Figs. 8 and 9). The site is fine. Wide avenues and vistas stretch out every way (Fig. 1), and the tree-bordered descent to the River Dee (Fig. 10), the site of the principal formal gardening in Kip's prospect, has ever retained something of that character. Nineteenth century changes, indeed, somewhat marred the effect, but the whole area was treated, shortly before the war, in the full spirit of our formal period, under the advice of Mr. Detmar Blow, with the excellent results seen in the last four illustrations. Eaton is a great house, which, in its capacity to hold innumerable guests and an infinitude of retainers, imitates an age when the great man's home was

self-supporting, self-defensive, self-inclusive, when he was head of a community of variously occupied dependents amply ministering not only to his own wants, but to those of travelling friends, or sovereigns on progress whose following might well strain both the resources and the limits of a Raglan, a Knole or a Blenheim. The current was setting in against gigantic establishments before the war, and the war and its aftermath are so much against the occupation of huge buildings with 150 bedrooms by private individuals that the Duke prefers, as a Cheshire home, the much more modest Saighton Grange, where he was born. But his interests are by no means purely local. He is essentially and actively a citizen of the Empire whose English possessions and sphere of activity are likely to be rivalled by those in Africa, where he not only owns territories in Orange Colony, Rhodesia and East Africa, but is keenly alive to their development as immense sources of food and raw material for the Empire. He comes of an ancient stock with ancient traditions, but he is one of the group of dukes who are by no means ready to live in the past, but are keen to face and to solve the problems of to-day.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## A WILD GARDEN in BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

BY LEONARD H. WEST, LL.D.

IN describing here an experiment in gardening I shall use the phrase "wild garden" in a sense in which, perhaps, it may not be generally accepted. Robinson, in his "Wild Garden," written nearly forty years ago, defines the wild garden as "the placing of perfectly hardy exotic plants under conditions where they will thrive without further care," and disclaims for the wild garden alike the idea of a wilderness or what another writer on the same subject has styled "disorder," and also the idea of the picturesque garden; for a garden, he says, may be highly picturesque, and yet in every part the result of ceaseless care. In my opinion, neither of these alternatives gives the correct meaning of a wild garden. A wild garden in Britain must surely mean a garden of British wild flowers. In my wild garden I accordingly rigidly excluded all plants which do not find a place in Sowerby's "British Wild Flowers."

The site consists of an old orchard and paddock, with a stream running at the lower end, the stream dividing and forming an island which has been connected with the banks of the stream on its western side by rustic bridges. First, as to the preparation of the stream. It is some 10ft. to 12ft. wide, so there was ample space to convert part of it into suitable ground for bog plants. Accordingly, one or two small islets were made in the channel, being built up of tree branches and mud, and throned with a certain amount of stone to make homes for some of the moisture loving plants which also must have rock or stone. Again, small banks of soil were made by the side of the natural banks and nearer the level of the water; while, finally, some means had to be devised of keeping away orange peel, old tins, bottles, and other "foreign bodies," which unfortunately always disgrace a stream which runs through a village, and this was effected by building a "barrage" of rock and soil across my arm of the stream and running the water under this through concealed earthenware pipes wired at the entrance.

As to the planting of this portion of the wild garden, the main island



THE SITE OF THE WILD GARDEN.

above referred to is carpeted, under nut and other trees, with wood anemone, snowdrops, woodruff, wood sanicle and Solomon's seal. Along its side near the stream, male



THE WILD GARDEN, NEAR THE STREAM, IN AN EARLY STAGE.



fern, lady fern, globe flowers, meadowsweet, willow herb, and figwort flourish, while lower, on the prepared soil, snowflake, the true oxlip, hart's tongue ferns, bog orchis, marsh marigold, marsh cinquefoil, water avens, water mint, forget-me-not, and yellow iris have established themselves with avidity.

A goodly proportion of British ferns—a fascinating group—will thrive here, besides those already mentioned; foremost, the royal fern, which has attained about 6ft. in height, planted by the side of the stream, its roots continually in water or the dampest soil; the beautiful oak and beech ferns, easily overrun by coarser rivals; polypody clinging to roots or stonework near the stream; the delicate marsh fern in boggy ground in the bed of the stream, and the rare crested fern (*Lastræa cristata*) in like situation; the broad fern and the prickly fern on drier ground, while of the spleenworts the common alone has survived in niches between stone or brickwork; the hard fern, the brittle fern and scaly hart's tongue have proved reluctant growers, while the parsley-leaved fern to be found in such profusion in the Lake District, at the lower level of Buckinghamshire, and without its unlimited supply of slate rock will only survive for a season or two. On the islets formed in the channel of the stream as well as on the banks, both purple loosestrife



(one of the handsomest of river plants) and yellow loosestrife, the greater spearwort, with its large buttercup flowers and spearlike leaves, hemp agrimony, cat valerian, water dock, water plantain, the lesser bullrush and other reeds have flourished exceedingly; while on the stonework, on the islets and barrage,

golden saxifrage revels in the moisture with its carpet of golden flowers in spring and bright green leaves all the rest of the year, though I have tried both yellow mountain saxifrage and purple saxifrage—also moisture loving—in similar situations without permanent success. Another lovely little plant—chickweed winter-green—from the Highlands of Scotland, which was scarcely expected to succeed, did live a season or two on a platform prepared for it a yard or so above the stream, and I rather prize a photograph of it in flower.

For water plants which dislike running water provision was made in tubs let into the soil in the wild garden level with the ground, and the harsh or artificial appearance of the tub, hidden by a circle of low-growing plants—some of them rock plants—grown around the tubs. For quite small water plants such as the delicate frogbit—most shy in flowering—or the little fringed water lily—very difficult to naturalise—paraffin tubs treated as Miss Jekyll advises are used; while for plants requiring more space, such as white water lilies, flowering rush—which, planted in the stream, I found liable to run to rush only, and arrow-head, water violet—another of the loveliest water plants but of a like tendency—beer barrels sawn in half were employed. In both cases, the tub, when plunged in the ground, is about half filled with suitable soil, the plants then secured in the earth, and the tubs gently filled with water through a fairly fine rose. In dry or hot weather, they will require like artificial assistance, though for the rest of the year the natural rain supply will suffice; in addition to the leaves and the dead vegetation which may fall into the tubs the soil should each year be supplemented by fresh mould. With regard to water violet—a joy if it can be established—a warning may be given against



THE STREAM AT A LATE STAGE.



THE CORNER SHOWN IN THE SECOND PHOTOGRAPH PLANTED WITH CAMPANULA LATIFOLIA, DARK MULLEIN, PURPLE LOOSESTRIFE AND TEAZLE.



PREPARING FOR THE BOG GARDEN.



BOG-BEAN GROWING IN A CASK SAWN IN HALF.

frost, for if its fern-like foliage is caught above the surface of the water before the serious frosts have gone, the result appears to be certain death, and this I believe to be the explanation of the total disappearance of water violet from dykes on the Upper Thames where only the previous season I have seen it in profusion.

Of the low-growing wild plants which can surround these tubs there are scores: butterwort—the insect catcher—which must be continuously moist; grass of Parnassus, of the same taste moneywort or creeping jenny, wood pimpernel, thrift, stitchwort, asarabacca, with its curious leaf-hidden flowers and its reputation of growing only where monks have lived; sedum, wood sorrel, field madder, thyme, birdsfoot trefoil, vipers bugloss, toadflax (butter and eggs), lesser celandine, primrose, rock rose, skull-cup.

Bog bean should grow in bed or banks of the stream, but one of the enemies of the water gardener is the water rat, which, being a vegetarian, and no relation to the land rat, has a great liking for some of one's choicest water plants, and among the number the bog bean, which is well worth protecting, both for flower and foliage, and I accordingly had to grow it in one of the small tubs above referred to, and it is so growing as seen in the photograph.

We have left to the last the more purely land plants. For growing in the grass there are the wild daffodil—Wordsworth's "host of golden daffodils"—the wild tulip, which, however, strongly objects to too close attention from grass, as also does the delightful pasque flower which thrives only in the short fine grass of the downs; its sister, the blue anemone, is easier to please and makes fine patches of colour in early spring. The fritillary should naturally be found in a Bucks wild garden, and, of course, cuckoo flower, cowslip, the lovely butterfly orchis, and others of that interesting order. Of the taller growing plants only a few can be mentioned as examples: teasle, of which in some Bucks parishes the vicar had tithe, and which, fortunately, is such an attraction to goldfinches in winter; giant bell flower campanula, found on the banks of the Yorkshire Ouse and Derwent, flowering abundantly either in sun or shade—blue in full sun and almost white in shade, and in bloom for weeks; dark mullein—far handsomer and cleaner than the great mullein; deadly nightshade, the black berries of which we were asked during the war to save for medicinal purposes; the brilliant blue chicory; the blue meadow cranesbill and its sisters, the wood cranesbill from the north and the crimson cranesbill from the south-west; among the yellow or gold, tansy, ragwort and fleabane; while of trees and shrubs, sweet briar and other wild roses, guelder rose, wayfaring tree and spindle tree, should have a place not only for the sake of flower, but also of berry.

Undoubtedly the collection of inhabitants for a wild garden of this description adds greatly to the interest of one's tours and wanderings, and I find that kind friends have a way of remembering the pursuit, and new species arrive also from their wanderings. But let discretion be used in such collection, especially in the case of the rare or delicate kinds. Fortunately, a number of the county councils have now made provision by bye-law for the protection of wild plants, while at the same time duly safeguarding the interests of the private or scientific collector.

Again, them aking of a wild garden, like marriage, should not be enterprised nor taken in hand unadvisedly or lightly! You will probably have to do all the work yourself. It requires a good deal of weeding (though it be a wild garden) and other attention, including work in waders if it includes a water garden; and if you leave this work to the average gardener he will assuredly root up your greatest treasure, and little blame to him unless he be highly schooled in the late days of "Nature Study." Even with the best intentions of its owner, the claims of war work in recent years have probably wrought much injury to the wild garden.

## ELECTRIFICATION OF SEEDS

AGRICULTURISTS for some time have been studying the question of the value or otherwise of seed electrification, and they will be interested in a series of tests carried out by Messrs. Sutton and Sons, Reading. These tests deal with seeds treated by the Wolfryn process of seed electrification and include germination tests carried out under glass, in addition to field tests. It will be remembered that the Wolfryn process consists in immersing the seeds in a solution either of common salt and water or of calcium chloride and water, through which an electric current is then passed. The seeds are then dried at a temperature of 100deg. (Fahr.), after which they are ready for sowing. It is obvious that two separate processes are here involved, viz., seed immersion and seed electrification. The Reading tests were arranged with a view to deciding: first, whether the Wolfryn process is beneficial; and, second, if it is beneficial, whether the advantage is due to the immersion, to the electrification or to the combined effect of both agents. The experiments, therefore, included tests with untreated seeds; with seeds electrified by the Wolfryn process; with seeds soaked in a solution of salt and water, the strength of the solution being the same as that used in the Wolfryn process; and finally with seeds soaked in a solution of sulphate of ammonia. Seeds of carrot, swede, cabbage and mangold were used. After immersion the seeds were dried exactly as in the Wolfryn process, and were then sown. In both field and germination tests the mangolds showed a slight gain after the Wolfryn treatment, the germination of the electrified seed being 94 per cent., compared with 82 per cent. for the untreated seed and 92 per cent. for the seed immersed in sulphate of ammonia: while in the field tests the yield from the electrified seed was 62lb. per pole more than that from the untreated seed. The other crops, however, showed a slight decrease following the electrification, though in no case was there more than 5 per cent. variation between the different treatments. Accordingly, viewing these tests as a whole, it can only be said that they do not reveal any advantage from seed electrification.



# LETTERS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN

ON ANGLING: MORE ABOUT SALMON FISHING.

BY HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

**B**EFORE passing to some final words about casting from the spinning rod, I must write a line about a very pleasant throw of the fly, the "switch," that is invaluable when trees and bushes are behind you. Here, and for good reason given, you must not send out the line behind your back. I believe different anglers have different methods, but my own, which answers tolerably, is to gather in the line in my left hand to such length as I think can be shot out by the cast. Then I lift the point of the rod and pull the part of the line that is on the water partly out of the water, and the rest of it, so far up-stream that the fly is almost at my feet. By this time the rod is pointing at some forty-five degrees up stream and about the same angle from the horizon. Then I swing the portion of line that is in the air down stream again, in so doing bringing the rod nearly vertically up to my right shoulder, and then, with a forward cast, the aerial part of the line is thrown out over the water in "a belly," the gathered coils in the left hand are released, the weight of the heavy "belly" shoots

descending from a higher to a lower form of sport when we quit the long rod used for the throwing of these things that we call the salmon flies and betake ourselves to our spinning rod for casting minnow, spoon bait or prawn. If I have ever, as has happened to me on a discoloured stream, forsaken trout flies and tried the Devon minnow for these fish, then I have always had the guilty feeling that it was "not cricket," that I was lowering myself as a sportsman in so doing. With salmon it is quite otherwise. No matter how we may talk "flies," it is never the delicate likeness of the delicate insect, most delicately to be presented, that we are proffering to the salmon. It is always a grosser business than fly-fishing; it is always, really, an affair of showing him something which we hope he will mistake for a live thing swimming freely in the water; it is never something which we would have him take for a thing floating on its surface and descending with the stream.

There is a great charm, to me, in the ease with which you can flick out the minnow, or whatever the lure may be, from a

short spinning rod, the distance to which it will fly and the accuracy with which you can pitch it. Assuredly I do not write as any master of the art of spinning, but it is an art so easy, relatively to fly fishing, as to be very flattering to the learner. There are one or two first principles to be grasped, and when they are once learned the rest is a matter of practice. I believe, however, that half an hour's practice on a lawn, with an efficient teacher, should enable any intelligent person to go out forthwith and catch a salmon with a minnow. I am, of course, assuming that he will throw from off one of the specially made, patent, free-running reels. To hold the coils of line in your fingers and let them fly off without a tangle is an art which some few men whom I have watched with admiration have brought to a wonderful perfection, but it is an art which demands years of apprenticeship, and few become masters of it even so. For all our practical uses the labour-saving reels are good enough, and I should commend them to every young angler, if only because life is



LANDING FROM THE BOAT TO PLAY HIM.

these straight out through the rings of the rod, and the same influence lifts off the water that portion of the reel line and cast which is lying on it, and throws them straight out beyond itself. It is not nearly so difficult to execute as, I am afraid, this rather complicated description might suggest. I would far rather do it than write of it, and so—to do it—I will leave you. Again—bear with the tedious repetition—it is essentially a matter of correct timing.

Towards the end of my last epistle I remember writing that the term "fly" was very misleading by way of description of the lure that we commonly use for salmon catching. Far better, as I think, to call it simply "lure," without attempting definition of the original of which it is a copy. The truth is, in spite of all our talk about salmon "flies," that we never fish for salmon with anything intended to represent a "fly," nor present the lure to him in any manner which a natural fly possibly could suggest. Of course, salmon have been caught accidentally with floating May fly, when the angler was fishing for trout, but that does not affect the argument. But as we are always really fishing for salmon with lures, probably presenting themselves to the salmon's gastronomic attention as imitations of the crustacea, therefore it never seems to me that we are

short and the angling art is long. You will be tolerably tired of my telling you of the virtue of correct "timing," yet I have to repeat that monition once again. The throwing out of the bait, off the reel, is done more by a swing than anything in the nature of a flick, although the elasticity of the rod's top joint, much stiffer and steeper than that of the fly rod, gives all help in the cast. It is done by a swing and a turn of the body, and, of course, your finger will be checking the line, so that the weight of the bait does not pull it off the reel until the instant that you release it to go hurtling through the air, the choice of the exactly right moment for release combined with the pace of swing, gradually increased to its maximum at the moment of letting go, constitutes successful throwing. I notice that beginners are apt to allow the bait to depend with rather too much line from the rod top as they cast. A very few feet of line is sufficient measure.

You will make much better work of it if you cast from one of the short spinning rods made for the purpose, than with a stiffer top affixed to your ordinary fly rod, as an alternative to its own proper top. This is a device which commends itself to some because it reduces the paraphernalia to carry; but the spinning rod is a small, and not a very expensive addition; you certainly can do better with it; and the

spinning work is not very good for the more delicate fly rod. Moreover, in salmon fishing, you will generally have a gillie.

I write generally, because that has been my general experience. Nevertheless, the days of salmon fishing to which I look back with most keen delight are those when I have been out alone, and have gaffed the fish for myself with a small "telescopic" gaff, which can be carried in the pocket. But that is work for a small river, where the fish run small. Do not be deceived and do not accuse me of any coward counsels when I say that wading in rough waters on big rivers and especially where the rock surface is very slippery is an entertainment not to be engaged in without great caution. There are places, such as the Benchill stream on the Tay, and portions of the Nith beat, or the Wye, where I should hate to go wading without a gillie in attendance to pull me up if I made a false step; and when you are consumed with the ardent excitement of a good salmon at the line a false step is made quite easily. But apart from such help as he may give you in such a relatively unimportant detail as saving your life, the real value of a gillie should be in showing you where the fish are likely to lie. You will observe that I am speaking of the intelligent and observant kind, who knows the water, knows it at all its varying heights; the other kind of gillie is not worth wasting words on. He ought to be able to tell you where to pitch your fly at each cast, and just at what point as it comes round you are likely to feel "a pluck." And you will be surprised, I think, at the number of little runs and places that look hardly worth a cast, to the uninstructed eye, that he will induce you to try—now and again with result as blissful as it is unexpected. I say nothing in respect to all the aid that he will give you as an expert gaffer. That is a part of his craftsmanship which should go without saying.

Equally, as a matter of course, we may look on his ability to manage a boat. It takes you to the places where, whether casting or "hurling" from it, you will have best chance of a fish. Presumably, when you have hooked a fish he will land you as soon as possible, so that you may follow the salmon along the bank. I do not know that written words of mine can help you much in the play of a big fish. You must let him have his first big rush or two, when he is fresh, with little check, unless there is special reason to keep him out of some particularly nasty place. Very likely he is far too strong at first to check even if you would and at all events a run out or two helps to tire him. But after this prelude, I am sure that the mistake which most of us who are amateur fishers make in playing a salmon is that we are too light with him; we do not give him the butt hard enough or trust enough to our tackle, which should be very shrewdly tested each morning before going out. The professional fisher, the keeper, brings his fish to the gaff much quicker. I do not think that you will find his advice in the matter of flies very valuable. As I have already written, "fly" is a complete misnomer for the attraction which you proffer to



GIVING HIM THE BUTT



DOING YOUR OWN GAFFING.

the salmon. But we have to go on misnaming as we have gone so far. The chief thing seems to be to get the size of the lure right, to suit the tastes of the fish, which are curiously influenced by the size of the water—thus, in a big river, swollen with its spring volume of flood, you may fish with an enormous fly, 5 ins. or 6 ins. long, and nothing less will induce a fish to look at it. On the same river when it has fined down to its autumn clearness you may be doing your best work with a fly scarcely larger than the March brown which you offer to a Teme trout and with a relatively fine cast to match. Get the size of the fly about right, remember the old rule, which for all its age is still not out of date, that a bright fly seems to be taken best when the sun is out and high in the sky. Put on your Dusty Miller or some such twilight coloured fellow as the sun goes low, and a dark fly for a dark day and water. There is really not a great deal more "to it" than that, in spite of the reams that have been written and the words that have been talked.

The gillie has taken us back to the so-called "fly" again, and away from the spinning rod. I have, indeed, said all that I need to on that subject. I do not care to indicate any particular make of the spinning reels which I have commended, because any such hint might savour of trade advertisement. There are several good kinds to be bought. You must get a friend to advise you. You may have gathered that I do not speak with much approval of any form of fishing other than with artificial fly for trout, though I am far from being a like purist in regard to salmon. I would rather say that, strictly speaking, we never fish for salmon with fly—fly, properly so called—at all. There is, however, one kind of bait fishing for trout which is a very fine sport. It requires exceptionally keen eyesight. I mean what is called clear water worm fishing. When rivers have run down very fine and clear the trout will lie out, sometimes in very few inches of water, and by slinging to these a small red worm at the end of a fine cast they may be caught with an ease—if all be executed rightly—that is quite surprising. It is surprising, because the water is so clear, the sunlight, very likely, so strong and the fish are so visible to you, wading up towards them, that it seems impossible that they do not see you, or the rod, or the line. Yet they take the worm in these conditions finely. But a very keen sight is needed, for you must not understand from what I say that you will see every fish, or nearly every one, to which your worm comes and your only intimation that a fish has your bait is apt to be an arrest in the down stream travel of the cast. It is eye-straining work watching the silver line of fine gut on the white water under a bright sun. The worm is best delivered with an overhand, slow "bowling" action and with a long, light rod. No flick must be given or the worm will be torn.

Except for this sport, rather spoiled for me, I must own, by what is perhaps a rather feminine objection to putting



the worms on the hooks, there is little attraction in bait fishing for trout.

I believe, too, that having brought you thus far, and presuming you to have imbibed to the full this fount of wisdom which I have made of my inkstand, I may now dismiss you as a very tolerably finished angler, not only in those higher branches which alone we have specifically discussed, but also in all the rest, which really differ only incidentally, and in the fact of being cruder and simpler, from these. You have the keys to all the secret treasures of the angler in your ability to cast from the fly rod and the spinning rod.

These arts include all the rest. Or, should you occupy your business in great water, and go sea fishing, whether it be off-shore or in estuary work after the up-running bass, or in pollock fishing or whatever it may be in the open sea, it matters not, you are master of every situation so long as you can throw both fly and bait. What lure to use, where to place it and how to work it in the water—whether fast or slow, deep or shallow—all this the master of each particular art may tell you. He should have nothing to tell you about the general principles of the art, which are wholly comprised in what you have learnt already.

## A MASTER OF THE SHORT STORY

IN "Tales of My Native Town" (Eveleigh Nash), Gabriele d'Annunzio has ranged himself beside his most illustrious predecessor and fellow-countryman, Boccaccio, and Geoffrey Chaucer. This is great praise, but it can be justified.

Each of these writers proved himself a master of the short story. The difference between them consists mainly in the staging. Boccaccio, when the plague was raging over Europe—that plague which at one time threatened the existence of humanity—carried off a merry company to a beautiful and secluded spot where they "fleeted the time carelessly, as they did in the Golden Age," by each telling a story. Chaucer assembled a company on what was afterwards known as the Pilgrim's Way and they beguiled the tedium of the road in the same device. D'Annunzio links his stories together in a simple and more natural manner, as being part of the annals of his own town, Pescara, on the Adriatic Sea. There is no saying how far this is a literary artifice and how far the novelist is playing the part of historian. It makes very little difference. In every old town of every country there were many curious oddities and what were called "characters" before the end of the nineteenth century brought with it increased education and employment. No one who has learned anything of the legends and tales of such places will be surprised at the wealth and diversity of material which they provide. The great point is that, whether the occurrences he narrates were imaginary or real, he is able, like the other two great masters of narrative we have cited, to make the relation in each case convincing. The imaginative reader will never question the truth of what d'Annunzio tells him, because he always keeps true to human nature. There is one very great difference between the modern and the older writers. The latter chose, to a great extent, gay and gallant and learned figures for their heroes. Boccaccio shows us princes and nobles, sometimes in dire poverty it is true, but never forgetful of their breeding. Both he and Chaucer delighted in mockery of the friars and priests of their time, and the ladies they introduced, if frail, are most often in at least comfortable circumstances, many of them patricians of first rank. But even a Wife of Bath or a Miller's daughter is very far removed from the submerged tenth. It is remarkable, when one thinks of it, that d'Annunzio, modern of the moderns, should find the most interesting of his subjects exactly in this submerged tenth. Perhaps the most striking figure he introduces is Turlendana. He is discovered returning like another Ulysses, or rather a tatterdemalion Enoch Arden. He is accompanied by a huge red quadruped in the shape of a camel who goes by the name of Barbara, a she-ass, the little snowy white Susanna, tormented by an unconventional rider in the shape of a monkey called Zavali. Stupid and drunken as he is, Turlendana is not devoid of the sentiment of home.

The river of his native place carried to him the peaceful air of the sea. Its banks, covered with river plants, lay stretched out as though resting from their recent work of fecundity. The silence was profound. The cobwebs shone tranquilly in the sun like mirrors framed by the crystal of the sea. The seaweed bent in the wind, showing its green or white sides.

"Pescara!" said Turlendana, with an accent of curiosity and recognition, stopping still to look at the view.

Home is the wanderer, and the Pescara, tickled by the associates of the ragged man, the camel, the she-ass and the monkey, caught the name of the first from him and shouted "Barbara! Barbara!" till the she-ass brayed with such a discordant variety of notes that a spontaneous burst of merriment ran through the crowd. Binchi-Banche, "a little man with a face as yellow and puckered as a squeezed lemon," is fitted with a character to suit his name, and finds temporary lodging for the man and his animals at the house of Rosa Schiavona.

This place was the abode of a sort of adventurous, roving people. They all slept together, the big and corpulent truckman, Letto Manoppello, the gipsies of Sulmona, horse-traders, boiler-menders, turners of Bucchianico, women of the City of Sant' Angelo, women of dissolute

lives, the bagpipers of Atina, mountaineers, bear-tamers, charlatans; pretended mendicants, thieves, and fortune-tellers. Binchi-Banche acted as a go-between for all that rabble.

Turlendana goes to drink and eat at a public-house kept by his widow, who, on the assumption that he has been dead these many years, has married, not once but three times. The meeting of the rivals does not call forth the sentiment which Tennyson ascribed to Enoch Arden. After some brief explanations the following conversation took place:

"Then you are not dead?"

"No, I am not dead."

"Then you are the husband of Rosalba Catena?"

"I am the husband of Rosalba Catena."

"And now," exclaimed Verdura, with a gesture of perplexity, "we are two husbands!"

"We are two!"

They remained silent for an instant. Turlendana was chewing the last bit of bread tranquilly, and through the quiet room you could hear his teeth crunching on it. Either from a natural benignant simplicity, or from a glorious fatuity, Verdura was struck only by the singularity of the case. A sudden impulse of merriment overtook him, bubbling out spontaneously:

"Let us go to Rosalba! Let us go! Let us go!"

Taking the newcomer by the arm, he conducted him through the group of drinkers, waving his arms, and crying out:

"Here is Turlendana, Turlendana the sailor! The husband of my wife! Turlendana, who is not dead! Here is Turlendana! Here is Turlendana!"

And so arm-in-arm they come to the wife of each. "Turlendana Drunk" could not have been improved upon by Rabelais.

In "The Gold Pieces" we have a story of love and thievery in which the woman's appearance is given thus:

her unshapely figure undulating as she walked, her full-moon face wrinkled into a grotesque and affectionate grimace.

Possibly "The Downfall of Candia" is the most powerful of all the stories. D'Annunzio is always biting and clever in his descriptions; this is his picture of the laundress:

she had very long arms, and the head of a bird of prey resting upon the neck of a tortoise.

It would be difficult to point out any contemporary writer of fiction who could with such understanding and appreciation have set forth the meaning and climax of her downfall. The novelist is unrelenting in his picture of innocence and foolishness and cunning and the broken-hearted death of this poor woman. It is horrible, but not so horrible as the "Death of the Duke of Ofena," the story by which it is followed. That might have been told as an incident in some bloody revolution. There is neither censure nor praise of any of the characters involved. The insurgent crowd is at any rate no better than the aged, selfish and gouty Baron, the Duke, and their followers, but every one of them is pictured with a cleverness and force almost beyond anything conceivable. Some readers will think, and not without justification, that the most immortal of all the tales is the one that closes the volume and is called "The Virgin Anna," a beautiful, sad story. Her tender love of the most unexpected animals, among which a turtle plays a conspicuous part, her piety, her love, her death, are all told with charming simplicity.

The book is introduced, in an essay, by Joseph Hergesheimer. Is it thoughtful and stimulating, but, as we think, scarcely appreciates the attraction that the oddities and nondescripts of the old town, or of any old town, have, not only for d'Annunzio, but for every intelligent mind. These people grew up like wayside trees, free to develop all their peculiarities and individuality. They were not like the well grown trees of a plantation of which the beauty is that you cannot tell one from another. The civilising agencies which have been brought into operation tend more and more to obliterate the differences and to produce that uniformity among men and women which the forester aims at in growing his trees. These waifs and strays amuse the most ordinary, the most pedestrian of men, but it takes a d'Annunzio to transmute their unsophisticated human nature into immortal art.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

# DUCAL PROPERTIES IN LONDON

**W**HEN the Duke of Devonshire disposed of his famous mansion in Piccadilly it was pretty evident to those who had had experience of dealings in first-rate Town properties that the transaction would probably form only the prelude to a great deal of selling and re-selling. In one way, perhaps, the latter fact was of no importance, the main thing being that, as a great and historical Town mansion, Devonshire House had ceased to count, and that anything might happen to it.

For some months there was a talk of putting up a gigantic hotel, then a motor exhibition was suggested, and rumour made free play with the names of certain stores which were said to be going to transfer their headquarters to Piccadilly. All this, however, was conjectural, and has gone by the board, in consequence of the definite announcements which have now been made that the property has been bought by Mr. Lawrence Harrison, a Liverpool shipowner, and Mr. H. E. Barley. It is understood to be their intention to dispose of part, at any rate, of the freehold in blocks suitable for development, presumably for flats and similar purposes.

The property is free of all restrictions, and extends to over 160,000 square feet, taking it from the Piccadilly front wall to the back, which is separated by a sunk footpath, open to the public, from the grounds of Lansdowne House. This path, a convenient short cut from Curzon Street towards Bond Street, runs diagonally across the rectangle constituted by the contiguous estates of Devonshire House and Lansdowne House.

Devonshire House was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. xxxvi, page 262). It stands on the site of the old Berkeley House, which was built for Lord Berkeley of Stratton, and was burned down in 1733. William Kent, who received an honorarium of £1,000 for his work, was thereupon commissioned to build the present house which cost about £20,000. Speaking of this it may be remarked that an evening paper has just contrasted that figure with the £1,050,000 which the new owners have paid for the property and expressed astonishment at the increment of value. But it overlooked two facts—that the major portion of the value lies in the site, and that if the money had been invested at compound interest at current rates, at the date mentioned, the increment would have been immensely more. The complexity of questions of value, directly we get off the plain beaten track of present day prices, as between a willing vendor and a willing purchaser—straightforward market value, in other words—is shown in the report of the appeal heard by Mr. Justice Scrutton in 1913 regarding the “undeveloped land value” of Devonshire House courtyard and part of the garden. Mr. Justice Scrutton took the trouble to inspect the property personally, and his judgment was brightened by extracts from Evelyn’s Diary. The passing of a great house is not a thing lightly to be regarded, but its preservation in incongruous surroundings is no matter for satisfaction.

### EFFECT ON ADJOINING PROPERTIES.

IT is exactly a year since the great sale of Mayfair property around Berkeley Square was concluded between Lord Berkeley and Sir Marcus Samuel. Broadly speaking, that transaction and the more recent one in regard to Devonshire House have isolated Lansdowne House as a matter of ownership, though its amenities have not yet been interfered with, nor are they likely to be so far as the Berkeley Square side is concerned. If, however, gigantic blocks of flats, perhaps an hotel, and not improbably places of entertainment, are put up on what has hitherto been the garden of Devonshire House, it cannot but have a great effect on the Lansdowne House property, and this consideration gives point to some observations which were recently made in these columns (November 29th, page 702) about that masterpiece of the genius of Robert Adam—“At once noble and gay, it is thoroughly appropriate in style and character as a great house in Town.”

The Duke of Devonshire has retained the right to remove some of the mantelpieces from Devonshire House, but the grand staircase of marble with the crystal balustrade is among

the features which will not be interfered with as a necessary and inevitable incident of the sale. Where so much is, as we have said, conjectural, there is not much use in going into details, but the suggestion has been made that the staircase and other features of the existing mansion may finally turn the scale in favour of its preservation, possibly as a foyer of additional buildings to be run up in the rear. The new and very rigidly enforced regulations as to building seem likely to lead rather to the construction of flats than of any other class of premises, if buildings be begun at all in the existing circumstances. Messrs. Belcher and Joass are advisory architects to the new owners.

### SALES IN ST. JAMES’S SQUARE.

**N**O. 20, St. James’s Square, one of the finest Adam mansions in London, has been sold. The ceilings and Adam decorations in this mansion are famous, and formed the subject of a special article in COUNTRY LIFE (November 15th, 1913). In addition to selling the freehold of this important property, covering an area of about 8,500ft., Messrs. Collins and Collins have also, in conjunction with Messrs. White, Berry and Taylor, disposed of Lord Strathmore’s lease of the premises. The firm has also disposed of country houses, including Leigh House, Somerset, a genuine Elizabethan mansion recently modernised. The property carries first-class trout fishing and shooting. They have also sold the Whyly estate, Sussex, a modern mansion in the Tudor style, with extensive woodlands and sporting.

### THE REJUVENATION OF BLOOMSBURY.

**N**OTHING less than the rejuvenation of a London district is foreshadowed by the decision, for so, in fact, it is, to erect the new buildings of the University of London on a site of 11½ acres immediately north-west of the British Museum extension. The Government has offered to acquire the land from the Duke of Bedford, and to place it, free of charge for ever, at the disposal of the University.

The property embraces practically all the area between Montagu Place (the road in front of the new buildings of the Museum), Russell Square, and the back of the houses in Gower Street, with all Torrington Square and half of Woburn Square. Readjustments may have to be made as regards the roads within the area indicated, as one of the great objections to the site has always been that it is intersected by an avenue of quite exceptional width. If this involved the bisection of the proposed buildings it would probably be an insurmountable bar to the scheme, but a way out of the difficulty has already been suggested.

The Foundling Hospital, the Surrey side, and other suggested sites, may now be regarded as out of the running, and Bloomsbury bids fair to enter upon a period of renewed vitality as a great and important centre which will draw to itself a vast number of institutions needing to be in proximity to the academic headquarters of the metropolis. There is no question here of the demolition of any old or very interesting houses. As the late Duke of Bedford remarked to his cousin, he “happened to own some lodging-houses in Bloomsbury.” The original Montagu House, celebrated for frescoes and furniture, was burned down at the end of the seventeenth century, and its successor made way for the British Museum.

### PROPERTY IN SCOTLAND.

**E**ARLY next month Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are to offer by auction Scottish estates, among which are Dunragit, in the county of Wigtown, belonging to the trustees of the late Mr. J. C. Cuninghame, of Craigends; Rickarton, Kincardineshire, belonging to Major John Baird, M.P.; Pardovan and Riccarton, in the county of Linlithgow, belonging to the Duke of Hamilton; and Achalader estate, Perthshire, belonging to Brigadier-General Campbell.

Dunragit estate, extending in all to about 8,084 acres, is a well known property, with grouse moor and salmon and sea trout fishing. The house is an attractive and substantial residence near the sea, looking out over Luce Bay. The moor of 2,000 acres carries a good stock of grouse and there is low ground shooting. Salmon fishing in the Luce from both banks,

for some 4½ miles, as well as salmon net fishing in the sea, will be included. Achalader has an area of 3,912 acres, of which 2,800 are pasture and grouse moor, 100 acres woodland, the remaining 1,000 acres arable and grass. The house overlooks Loch Marlee and the Sidlaw Hills. Pardovan and Riccarton, Rickarton and Achalader are to be offered in Edinburgh on June 2nd, and Dunragit, in Glasgow, on June 7th.

### MR. LLOYD GEORGE AT GODMERSHAM.

**F**OR thirty-seven lots of the Godmersham Park estate the sum of £63,737 has been obtained under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, and there are a few lots still to be dealt with, as well as the mansion itself and the park, for which there was no offer at auction. The beauty of the estate and particularly the perfection of the interior decoration of the mansion—the Adam style at its best, and the carvings after Grinling Gibbons—served to induce Mr. Lloyd George to motor over from Sir Philip Sassoon’s, at Lympne, to view the property, on the eve of the sale. The thirty-seven lots sold include 3,620 acres.

### DR. ADDISON’S HOUSE.

**P**RETTY CORNER, Herts., advertised for sale at Hanover Square on June 3rd, has been privately sold to Mr. C. R. Filgate. Rivernook, Wraysbury, has also been sold before auction. Northbrooke, Ashford, has been sold by auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, for £3,500, to the South Eastern Railway Company.

### EARLYWOOD, WINDLESHAM, SOLD.

**S**INCE Earlywood, Windlesham, 70 acres, near Swinley Forest Golf Links, was withdrawn at £14,000, Messrs. Winkworth and Co. have privately sold it.

### MIDLAND PROPERTIES.

**T**HE HILL, Lutterworth, extending to about 19 acres and including the residence which, for many years, was occupied by the late Mr. James Darlington, has been sold by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, in conjunction with Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. This lot is therefore withdrawn from the auction, but the remaining lots will come under the hammer on June 3rd. Messrs. Styles and Whitlock also, in conjunction with Messrs. Hampton and Sons, have sold the property known as Pailton House, Rugby, comprising the mansion with grounds, and nearly 50 acres.

### SIR EDWARD HERTSLET’S HOUSE.

**B**ELLE VUE HOUSE, on the river at Richmond, previously occupied by Sir Edward Hertslet, formerly principal librarian of the House of Lords, has been sold by Messrs. Penningtons. Woodpeen Lodge, a freehold in the Lambourne Valley, near Newbury, has been sold privately by Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker.

### BARNWELL CASTLE.

**R**EGINALD LE MOYNE, in the reign of Henry I, built Barnwell Castle, the ruins of which give their name to the estate on the outskirts of Oundle, of about 4,000 acres, with a mansion partly Tudor and partly Georgian. Mr. Horace Czarnikow has instructed Messrs. Norbury-Smith and Co., in conjunction with Messrs. Lofts and Warner, to offer the property for sale at Peterborough in July. It is in the heart of the Fitzwilliam Hunt.

### THE COOMBE PARK SALE.

**S**IR RICKMAN GODLEE has just bought the house he has for so long occupied on the Coombe Park estate, Whitchurch, known as Coombe End Farm. The house is thoroughly modernised, and Sir Rickman secured the freehold for £9,250, with about 140 acres. The total realisations under the hammer of Messrs. Simmons and Sons, in conjunction with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, amounted to £41,790. Mr. C. E. Howard gave £5,250 for 98 acres of building land. Captain Hugh Deacon bought The Beeches for £3,200. The Hon. G. Scott bought Stapnalls Farm, 109 acres, for £3,400, and other equally good lots changed hands, only four failing to reach the reserves. ARBITER.



# CORRESPONDENCE

## A VILLAGE RECREATION COUNCIL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—One of the greatest difficulties we are faced with to-day is the lack of good schemes for the brightening of the social life in rural districts. When a really admirable scheme is found it seems only fair to let other people know of it, and I am taking some of your valuable space to outline a scheme I heard of. The village—Withyham, in Sussex—was recently presented with a field for sports, and so a sports club was formed. Then it was thought the men's club ought to have a share in the working of the field and sports, and so a recreation association was formed. This forms a central council, which by means of sub-committees manages not only the sports field, but the recreations in the village hall, outdoor concerts, fêtes and refreshments. The funds thus raised are to be shared out at the end of the year as considered necessary to help the various affiliated clubs. Thus such clubs as the football, tennis, cricket, working men's, women's institute, to mention a few, may, by paying a small affiliation fee, benefit considerably in all funds raised, and get all the help that is thought fair and necessary to them. The various residents (of which there are many in this village) receive one circular from the association asking for subscriptions to the association, whereas otherwise they would receive one from every little club, often amounting to a considerable and irritating number! The village of Withyham is fortunate in possessing a village hall, but where there is no hall, as a general rule a good barn or schoolroom can be used for meetings, etc. When thoroughly going, it is proposed also to have an educational side to the association. If any of your readers are interested in this scheme, I think that, perhaps, by approaching Mr. Richard Coates, the originator, or Mr. C. Baldwin, the hon. secretary, they could get rules, etc., of this association.—ALPHA.

## FARMER AND LABOURER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Looking squarely at this subject as it now stands, I am of opinion that the labourer in the "hungry forties" was quite as well off as his brother of to-day is, in spite of the great difference in time and wages which now prevail. In the old days a labourer's wage ranged from 8s. to 12s. a week, with as often as not a free cottage and many small things thrown in. Ploughmen, head-men, shepherds had the highest wage, and second-men such as cowmen, yardmen, 10s. or 11s., and farm hands and strong lads, 6s. to 8s., and in all cases "extra for harvest," as the bargain ran. In the cases of which I write, all indoor hands, those who lived in, had breakfast of hasty pudding, with beer and bacon and bread in the big kitchen with the maids, and at midday dined with the "master" and his family. There was no tea-time, but supper at eight or nine was a hearty meal, with milk porridge, not what is nowadays so-called, but milk well thickened with flour or oatmeal and poured scalding hot into bowls holding quite a lot of bread, and the meal was helped out with bread, cheese or bacon and more small beer, and on this sort of food men and lads lived, worked and thrived. The men's perquisites were many potatoes, and most kinds of garden stuff were allowed to married men, with occasional joints of mutton, as many farmers killed their own sheep; beef only on rare occasions, such as feasts or wakes and harvest suppers. Then each married man was allowed three or four rows of potatoes in a field set apart for the purpose, where he could also set cabbage plants or anything else he liked, and in all cases both seed and "muck" were found free, the potatoes ploughed in and carted in the same way when ready. If the fruit crops were good, he was allowed apples, damsons, gooseberries and currants, and boiling of all kinds of garden produce. Every man reared pigs and when the sow farrowed a little one could be had for nothing or next to it, and bedding was also found. In fact, there was something for nothing, excepting good service all the year round and very often the doctor, if needed.—THOS. RATCLIFFE.

## ROOKS AS WEATHER PROPHETS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The pleasing and beautifully illustrated articles about rooks, which have appeared in COUNTRY LIFE, have no doubt given much pleasure to all bird lovers, even those who do not know the difference between rooks and crows. Yet the ways of rooks are an inter-

esting chapter in the daily life of nearly all country folk. It is by no means a children's idea that crows "go to school" on a morning and "come from school" in the evening, as many old people say the same thing; and most people note that crows fly out on the wind and come back against the wind and many foretell the weather by the ways of the rooks (I use the words "rook" and "crow" as being one and the same bird). If the crows come back in a hurry about noon, it means rain in the evening; but if they linger till night and are noisy, it shows that next night and day will be fine, subject to variations.—JUBA.

## BONUS SHARES AND SUPER-TAX.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A case of importance to Super-tax payers—which may have far-reaching results—has just been heard by the Appeal Court, where the question of liability to Super-tax is being tested in the case of Inland Revenue v. John Blott. In this case Mr. Blott was assessed to Super-tax on bonus shares; he appealed to the Special Commissioners, who decided such shares were not to be treated as income; the Inland Revenue then appealed to the High Court, where Mr. Justice Rowlatt also decided that the bonus shares were not to be treated as income and were not subject to Super-tax; now the Revenue have taken the case to the Appeal Court, the hearing having taken place on the 15th April, when judgment was reserved and should be expected shortly. In the House on the 21st April the Chancellor

is reported as having stated that "the Corporation tax may be regarded as an imposition in lieu of Super-tax," which would "affect sums first placed to reserve and subsequently distributed in the form of bonus shares." If this be so, apparently Super-tax payers may hope to obtain some relief from their present high rates by an allowance in respect of dividends so far as they have suffered Corporation tax; in any event, it seems unfair they should in effect suffer both Corporation and Super-tax.—W. R. FAIRBROTHER.

## MERRY-GO-ROUNDS AT A FAIR IN MESOPOTAMIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I saw with interest the photograph in your issue of May 15th of merry-go-rounds in the devastated Grande Place at Arras, and hope you may care to publish these pictures of a rather similar scene—an Arab Fair in Mosul, Mesopotamia—which I took recently. All these wheels, swings and so on are made in the very flimsiest fashion of rough wood, and, as may be expected, accidents are frequent; but the Arab enjoys the fun and fills the air with his cries. The shaky old merry-go-round is pushed round by small Arab boys, and the occupants shout to them to push harder and harder till at last it revolves at a rapid pace and sometimes breaks to pieces under the strain. The donkeys in the foreground carry stone for building purposes. Their saddle-bags are being loaded up by Arab drivers.—H. J. STANHAM (Major, R.A.).



ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR AT MOSUL IN MESOPOTAMIA.

## NESTS BUILT WHILE THE COAL CONSUMER WAITS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph showing a thrush's nest built on the brake handle of a coal wagon in the local siding. There is no clear knowledge on the spot as to how long this wagon has been in the sidings and whether the nest was there when it arrived. Either the illustration is proof of transport slackness and delay or of strong maternal instinct in the thrush, since, when the wagon has been moved, the mother bird must have followed it. There are four lively young thrushes and the mother bird is on or about the nest all day.—J. E.

## BEES SWARMING EARLY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I took my first swarm on April 18th this year at Cyst St. George in Devon. The local expert bee-keeper said he was not surprised when I told him about it.—A. H. G.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to your correspondent's letter, which appears in the issue of May 15th, an April swarm is not unique, but it is unusual. This year, however, owing to the very mild winter and exceptionally early spring, the bees and nature generally are a good deal ahead of time. It appears that during the latter part of the week, April 19th to April 24th, the swarming impulse began, at any rate, in the South, there being several reports in the Press of swarms issuing in the last three days of that week.—H. KENTISH SPRINGETT.

## RHODODENDRONS IN A LONDON GARDEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—That rhododendrons may be as successfully grown in London as in any capital in Europe is evidenced by a visit to Hyde Park at the present time, and yet it is all too seldom that we see rhododendrons in small London gardens. Those who wish to grow them should make a point of selecting the best varieties. The illustration accompanying this note is that of the beautiful rhododendron *Cynthia* flowering in Mr. T. S. Carson's garden at 61, Pelham Street, South Kensington. In the same garden other rhododendrons are grown with marked success, viz., *Alice*, *Pink Pearl* and *Michael Waterer*, named in the order of flowering. By the middle of May *Pink Pearl* and *Cynthia* were making a wonderful show of colour and could be seen by passers-by in the little front garden to which reference has been made. It might be mentioned that the garden measures only 24ft. by 15ft., including the pathways. The dainty pink-flowering rhododendron *Corona* is not seen in this garden, though it would be certain to thrive and give every satisfaction. The small blue-flowered rhododendron *intricatum* might also be grown and flowered even in the heart of London. It should be mentioned that this little garden in Kensington faces



A THRUSH'S HOME ON A COAL WAGON.

south, and is protected from north and east winds, but not from west winds, which play mischief with climbing plants. In the same garden hyacinths and tulips were surprisingly good this year, and among other plants that do well are hollyhocks, geraniums, delphiniums, perennial phloxes, nasturtiums, marguerites, wallflowers, clematises of the *Jackmanii* type, ericas, *Lent hellebores* and fuchsias. One fuchsia, named *Ballet Girl*, is the centre of great admiration in summer-time for its size and profusion of bloom. This little garden is an object lesson to townspeople, and by the time this note appears in print the azaleas should be in full blossom.—H. C.

## CURING A MARE OF WARTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I see M. Perkins is asking how to cure warts on a well-bred mare. I have absolutely cured them on a hunter brood mare and on young thoroughbreds. In one case the upper and lower lip was a mass of very small warts. Each evening I used to rub on salicylic of collodion mixed in a little vaseline—I mixed it fresh each time. They soon dropped off, and in my case did not appear again. I tried first applying it without the vaseline, but found it got wiped off too quickly. With the grease it acted just as well when the animal was turned out grazing and did not seem to be rubbed off. It is quite harmless, and a vet. told me to put it on with the grease. In about a month all was clear.—F. M. CAMMELL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In reply to above enquiry in *COUNTRY LIFE* I beg to say some few years ago I had a young hunter whose nose and lips were covered with small warts and I soon cured them in the

following way. I made a strong solution of blue vitrol (blue stone), pounded fine and added water, then with a blunt knife scraped the warts until they bled and applied the solution with a stiff paint brush several times a day; in a short time they disappeared and strange to say the horse did not seem to mind the treatment. If your correspondent's horse has very large warts, perhaps it would be wise to have a vet. for it. It was an old horseman who told me what to do.—JAMES TURNER.

## A REMARKABLE LABURNUM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have in my grounds in Surrey a laburnum tree bearing the three enclosed blooms on it. Would you be good enough to tell me how you think the tree grows in this way? My head gardener, who has lived here thirteen or fourteen years, before we bought the place, has known it all this time, but cannot make it out.—LILIAN HOPKINSON.

[The foregoing letter was accompanied by three totally distinct kinds of flowers. One is apparently identical with the common yellow laburnum, another is that of a purple broom, while the flowers on the third are both purple and yellow, and yet all three inflorescences were picked from the same tree. This remarkable tree is *Laburnum Adami*, a deciduous tree resembling the common garden laburnum. The flowers not only vary in such a remarkable way, but there is also a good deal of variation in the foliage. This is one of the most interesting trees in the country, and its origin is as follows: It appeared in Mr. Jean Adam's nursery, near Paris, in 1825. According to Adam's account he had grafted the dwarf purple broom *cytisus purpureus* on a common laburnum tree, and on the grafted plant a branch appeared with purplish yellow flowers, intermediate in hue between those of the scion and stock. This is the origin of *Laburnum Adami* as we know it to-day. This tree has a tendency to sport back more or less to both the parent types. It is, in fact, a graft hybrid, which is an extremely rare occurrence in plant life. This year *L. Adami* is flowering remarkably well in many gardens, and we have had flowers sent for identification from various parts of the country. All three kinds of flowers come out together.—Ed.]

## AN INDIAN BOAR'S COURAGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You may care to hear of an extraordinary instance of the pluck of an Indian boar. We, the Delhi Tent Club, met near Oakla, Delhi district, some months ago and among the boars we killed one fine fellow was chased along the river bank. A subaltern on my right followed him for half a mile or so and then he took a toss. As I was in second position I took up the run and the boar plunged into the river. I followed, and greatly to my surprise the pig waited on the other bank of the stream for me. The moment I landed he charged full tilt, caught my horse on the off shoulder and gave a two inch tear. My spear remained in the boar and I fell backwards into the stream. Procuring another spear from the shikar I got him a little later. I have so far never heard of a pig using such cunning, and I, personally, think it is a very unusual thing for an unwounded boar to charge at all.—S. W. WHITAKER.



THE RHODODENDRON CYNTHIA IN A SMALL KENSINGTON GARDEN.



# A SELECTION FOR THE DERBY

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CLAREHAVEN TRIAL



**I** SUPPOSE it is quite true that the busier one's life the faster does time seem to pass. In my own case, at any rate, I notice the quick flight of time with added emphasis as the years roll on. You may say that this little bit of philosophy of a more or less personal kind has nothing to do with the Derby. That may be so, but it arises out of the feeling that it seems a very short time ago since we were discussing the Peace Derby of 1919. Certainly it does not appear to me that a full year has passed since we were absorbed with The Panther's favouritism and the knocking out of Lord Glanely's Grand Parade in favour of his other candidate, Dominion. In the actual race we saw The Panther behave like a mad horse and then give an utterly bad display in the race. We saw Dominion fail and Grand Parade succeed—at 33 to 1 against. And for some time now The Panther has been settled in the Argentine as a stallion. Grand Parade is at the stud, while we here are deeply immersed in another Derby problem of a far more difficult and fascinating character.

The questions which only the actual race can answer are something like this: Can Tetratema stay the mile and a half equally as well as he got the mile in the Two Thousand Guineas? Can Allenby—only beaten half a length by Tetratema—turn the tables on the favourite with an extra half mile to go? Will that extra distance and the longer time for preparation assist the backward Archaic to make up his considerable leeway? Was Sarchedon tried so much the superior of Paragon as to make his collateral superiority to Tetratema and Allenby highly probable? Can He Goes be given a chance on form and on the strength of a recent trial? Is Polumetis a probable winner? And are the possibilities of another 100 to 1 winner (to join Aboyeur, Signorinetta and Jeddah) quite exhausted?

Let me take those interrogatories seriatim and endeavour to arrive at some sound conclusions. If, to the first of them, you say the answer is in the affirmative, then Tetratema will justify his favouritism and win. If you must find in the negative then he most certainly will not win. A non-stayer simply cannot win the Derby, though if the grey can get a stiff mile and a quarter at racing pace at home I think he will get the course at Epsom. His Two Thousand Guineas win was a very fine and smooth performance throughout and quite convinced me that he would again beat those behind him at Epsom. He is just as likely to stay the mile and a half there as any of the others, and I am

prepared to go on believing so until proof to the contrary be forthcoming. Very few Derby winners have had their stamina proved prior to their victories. I know of no conspicuous instance in recent years so why should the doubters and cavillers so ponderously labour the point? He has grand speed; I should say he is an easy horse to train; and he is far better adapted to the quick course with its abrupt undulations than, say, Allenby, Polumetis and several others. My fear in his case is largely based on an instinctive dread of the fate year after year awaiting Derby favourites at Epsom. Minoru (1909), Lemberg (1910), and Sunstar (1911) were heavily backed horses and they won, but since then—1912, 1913, 1914, and 1919—something has always happened to swamp favourites. Perhaps it is the turn now of a first favourite to win, and I think Tetratema will change the luck on his merits and always providing that in a very big field of excitable horses nothing happens to destroy his fair chances.

The Clarehaven trial of Sarchedon and Spion Kop was quite the biggest informal incident which has preceded



W. A. Rouch.

SARCHEDON.

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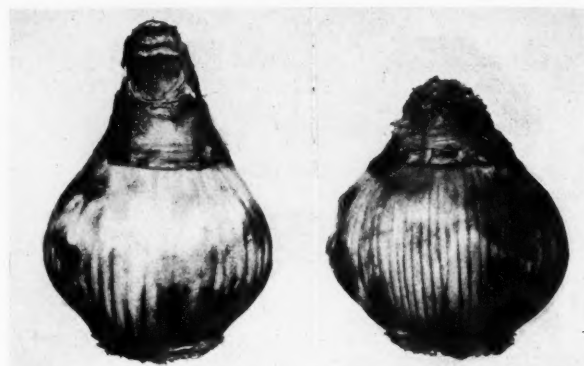
# THE EELWORM DISEASE OF DAFFODILS

## THE RAMSBOTTOM HOT-WATER TREATMENT

**R**EFERENCE has already been made in these pages to the lecture given by Mr. J. K. Ramsbottom at the Horticultural Club on "Further Investigations on the Eelworm Disease of Narcissus." It was then pointed out that as a result of Mr. Ramsbottom's experiments an absolute cure for one of the most threatening diseases of plant life, in modern times, had been established. It is hoped that the accompanying illustrations will assist all who are interested in the bulb industry to recognise eelworm disease so that correct measures can be taken at the right time and in the proper manner.

When bulbs showing the first stage of the disease are lifted after the foliage dies down in spring and cut they are found to be quite white inside. Later stages of the disease show a discoloration of the bulb tissue. The disease can be traced from the nose of the bulb downwards. This is emphasised in the two illustrations of narcissus bulbs showing the typical appearance of the neck of a healthy bulb and the broken-down neck of a diseased one. In a badly diseased bulb the base separates from the scale leaves, and it is not uncommon to find swarms of eelworms hanging from the rupture like a tuft of cotton wool. It is only when a bulb is badly diseased that it may be distinguished from a healthy one without cutting open the bulb and so destroying it. The result is that slightly diseased bulbs are, after lifting and sorting, distributed over the country and become the centres of disease which in two years may lead to the total destruction of many bulbs.

Perhaps the best time to examine stocks for the disease is during the growing period. If it is found on close observation that certain plants which have their normal amount of foliage have pale-coloured swollen areas on the leaves, which show up by contrast with the deep green of the remainder of the leaf, it is almost certain that the leaf is affected with eelworm. Scrapings from these swellings seen under the microscope invariably show eelworm and their eggs. Swellings may occur anywhere on the leaves and are more conspicuous on broad-leaved varieties. Another stage in the disease is seen when the daffodils have been grown undisturbed for one or more years. Many of the plants produce plenty of foliage, but growth is quite abnormal. The leaves are yellow and sickly, and are twisted and have ragged edges. Swollen leaf spots are also to be found here and there. In a later stage of the disease no foliage is produced at all. Another symptom is the production of late and stunted flowers, such as that of the narcissus Golden Spur in one of the accompanying illustrations. It might be mentioned that all varieties are subject to attack by eelworm disease. Another illustration shows the well known Sir Watkin narcissus in growth of badly diseased bulbs and healthy ones. When a diseased bulb is planted the eelworms escape from the bulb to the soil, and thence to neighbouring plants, attacking their leaves as they emerge from the bulb and producing spotted foliage. These spotted plants give rise to twisted and contorted foliage the following year, and thus the disease increases annually by the continued liberation of the eelworms and subsequent infection.

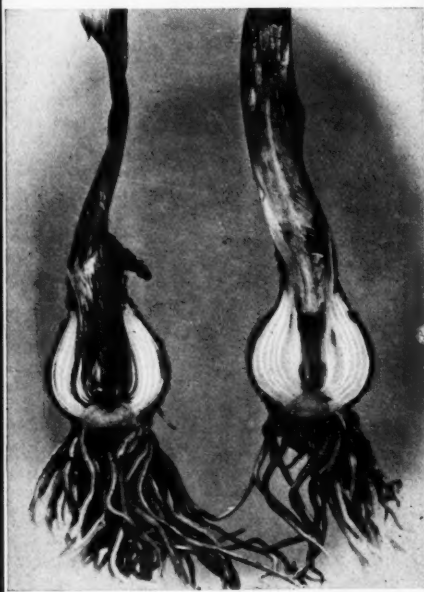


NOTE THE TYPICAL NECK OF A HEALTHY BULB— —AND THE BROKEN-DOWN NECK OF A DISEASED BULB.

Mr. Ramsbottom's researches led him to seek some practical means of killing the eelworms in the bulb and so eliminating their power of infecting the soil. Having investigated the life history of the eelworm the lecturer made it quite clear that if the chain can be broken in the bulb the method would be most easy of application and most economical. He described attempts to kill the eelworms with a long array of chemical solutions, attempts which were unsuccessful owing to the utter failure of the poisons to enter the bulb. During his experiments he found that heat was what the eelworm most abhorred. Experiments were therefore set afoot to find out what was the highest temperature bulbs would stand and what was the lowest that would destroy eelworms. It was found that bulbs placed in water at a temperature of 110° to 120° Fahr., for one, two or three hours, were not damaged, though eelworms were killed. It is at this point that the lecturer is most to be congratulated. In a comparatively short period he had grappled with and overcome the wily eelworm under laboratory conditions. Mr. Ramsbottom, during his researches, discovered that the strain of eelworm from narcissus also attacks onions with disastrous results. Within recent years the eelworm in daffodils has been a serious menace to the bulb-growing industry of this country, and the lecturer has earned the thanks of all daffodil lovers on the success he has attained. In the spring of 1919 two of the leading bulb-growers in Spalding were approached, viz., Mr. George Monro, jun., and Messrs. J. T. White and Sons, and they resolved at some risk to place the treatment upon a commercial basis. Special apparatus was designed. About six million bulbs occupying twenty acres of ground were treated and not a trace of disease was seen, the cost, inclusive of labour, being calculated at about £1 per ton. Not only eelworm is destroyed, but also the grubs and the larger of the narcissus flies. Experiments carried out on a commercial scale show that



GOLDEN SPUR ATTACKED BY EELWORM. NOTE THE STUNTED FLOWER.



NARCISSUS BULBS INVADDED BY EELWORM FROM INOCULATIONS IN THE FOLIAGE.



SIR WATKIN—A. BADLY DISEASED; B. HEALTHY PLANTS.

soaking narcissus bulbs in water at a constant temperature of 110° Fahr. for three hours kills all eelworms in the bulbs, and if the treatment is carried out in July, August and September the bulbs suffer no ill effects.

Those who have seen the results at Spalding are enthusiastic as to the amazingly good condition of the treated stocks on the Lincolnshire farms. After careful search no trace of the disease could be found. It is important that the bulbs should be kept at a uniform temperature of 110° Fahr.; the uncertain method of heating bulbs in water over a kitchen fire is not recommended. We can call to mind no other instance in which a disease that has threatened to wipe out a crop has been investigated so thoroughly, the treatment tested on such a large scale and proved to be so remarkably successful in the short space of four years. The question is sometimes asked whether the Royal Horticultural Society has been wise in expending so much money on its laboratories at Wisley, but if it turns out such practical results as these even once in a decade the money is well invested.

H. C.



A, B AND C, THE RESULT OF INOCULATION BY EELWORM; D, HEALTHY PLANTS NOT INOCULATED.

## YOUTH and AGE in the CHAMPIONSHIP

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

IT is a very long time since there has been an Amateur Championship about which golfers have been so unwilling to prophesy as that which will very soon be beginning at Muirfield. If ever a championship deserved, in one sense of the word, the description "Open" it is this one. The real Open Championship is a very close event indeed compared with it. We may no longer be sure that one of the old Triumvirate—Vardon, Braid and Taylor—will win, but we have a strong impression that if they do not one of the new Triumvirate—Duncan, Ray and Mitchell—will. About the amateurs, however, we all have the most widely divergent notions if we have any at all.

We do not know, at the moment when I am writing, how many players will enter—whether we are to be swamped by a "record" number, or whether the new rule as to handicap and that other consideration which is always with us to-day, the expense, will stop many people from going North. We do not know who are to be our American friends and invaders. Mr. Evans is said to be on the high seas on his way to us, but I regard this rather as one did in war-time one of those excessively cheering telegrams that came from Rome. At this very moment I have stopped writing to open a letter from a friend in America, who says: "At present the only players that I know of, of any distinction, are Bob Gardner and Nelson Whitney." He may have been proved wrong when these words are printed, but I set them down to show just how little we know a short time before. In fact, everything seems to be, as a modern Mrs. Malaprop of my acquaintance would say, "in a state of cosmos."

I was talking a few days since to a very fine player who, though no longer in the first flush of youth, is winning cups and those agreeable concomitants, sweeps, and is just about as likely as any other man to be Amateur Champion. His very interesting view is that this coming Championship is going to change the face of amateur golf, sweeping away and overwhelming the elder brigade and setting up a new set of celebrities in their places. That which we, who are now growing middle-aged used to call the elders do not, of course, stand where they were. There is no such close corporation of favourites for the championship as there used to be when it was irreverent to look beyond those few who were spoken of with the familiarity of hero worship as "Johnny Ball and Johnny Laidlay, Horace Leslie and Mure." Gradually a few more were added to them—Mr. Tait, Mr. Hilton, Mr. Robb, Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Jack Graham. Of course, other people won sometimes, but they were not expected to; to do so was almost an act of presumption. To-day the elder players do not stand out so distinctly, nor are they so good as their elders were, and there is undoubtedly, after six blank years, a tremendous accumulation of young and formidable golfers. Nor is it only, as one may be rashly disposed to think, their driving which is tremendous; many of them are undoubtedly fine golfers in all departments of the game. It is not, for example, only Mr. Wethered's long hitting that makes him dangerous. On the contrary, it is in his occasional and considerable aberrations from the tee that give his opponents their best chances; his real strength lies, I think, in his iron clubs and his powers of recovery. Moreover, nobody quite knows how many of these young champions *in posse* there may be. Let us just enumerate a few of them. There are, to begin

with, Mr. Wethered, Mr. Tolley and Mr. Armour; we know a good deal about them for the papers have been full of them. There are the two Messrs. Kyle from St. Andrews, one of whom has already had his baptism of fire since he reached the semi-final in 1913. Then there is Mr. R. P. Humphries, a semi-finalist of 1914 and fully as big a hitter as any of them. Then there is Mr. Torrance, who but for that tragic thirty-fifth hole of his would have done a great thing in the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase, and he has a brother in Scotland who is said to be even better. There is Mr. Cruikshank, an Edinburgh player, who is beyond doubt very good indeed, though I cannot speak from having seen him. There is young Mr. Harry Braid, son of the great James, and Abe Mitchell's half-brother, Mr. Seymour. And then—I apologise for not making my list longer—Scotland always produces some very fine golfers who are hardly known outside their own neighbourhood. Mr. Hutchinson, in his delightful book of reminiscences, tells how, at the first Amateur Championship, he was terrified by his caddie's account of "the mon Fogie," who was, in fact, Mr. Foggie of Earlsferry. There is always a "Mon Fogie" in a championship in Scotland; indeed, there are always several of him, and very well he plays. There was the man "who kept a sweetie shop in Leith" and beat Mr. Laidlay when that great player was, as Davy Ayton might say, "in his pomp." The only thing to be said against these less experienced players is that they are apt to play better in the earlier rather than the later rounds, and sometimes fade and tire towards the end. Still, when all is said, youth is certainly going to throw down a very formidable gauntlet to age this year. Age, if it drives short and straight, may console itself with the reflection that there are narrow fairways at Muirfield and the rough on either side of them is very rough. On the other hand, some of the two-shot holes want two very long shots, and youth has plenty of strength with which to get out of the rough.

I have said so much about youth that I have not room left in which to do justice to the champions of age. Mr. Ball and Mr. Hilton are for the moment dark horses, absurd though it may appear. Mr. Hilton, for example, had not played two rounds in a day for a whole year till he played in the Gold Vase, but he may be trusted to time his training so as to come to the post in a good mood. We have not heard much of Mr. Jenkins, the holder, but if I were compelled to pick one man, he should be my choice, for he is a great golfer with a wonderfully cool head on his shoulders. Mr. Maxwell, if he plays at all, must be dangerous. He is said to be rheumatic, but the mere fact of being at Muirfield must give at least a little quail of terror to anyone he is drawn against. Mr. Harris is always there or thereabouts, and there are two very fine players if they are in the right frame of mind—Major Guy Campbell and Mr. Michael Scott. Mr. Gordon Lockhart and Major Hezlet and Mr. Munn are others not to be forgotten just because we have not seen their names in the papers; and Mr. Gillies, even though over-worked and over-driven, can be more brilliant than anyone if he strikes the right vein. Finally, though I seem to have gone through a list as long as that of the ships in Homer, I very likely have not mentioned the man who will win the championship. What a lot of money I could make if I only knew who he was.



# THE "CASTLE" REGIMENTS

By G. CLARKE NUTTALL.



THE CASTLES ON THE BADGES OF FOUR BRITISH REGIMENTS.  
The quaint looking buildings represent the castles of Guildford, Exeter, Enniskillen and Alnwick.

A CASTLE of sorts is the distinguishing feature of the badges of no fewer than twelve of our British regiments. Sometimes the castle refers to some special episode of the regimental history, sometimes it has a purely local reference, and sometimes it is a little difficult to see the exact point of it.

In four of these badges, namely, those of the Suffolk, Dorset, Essex and Northamptonshire regiments, there is a castle with a key hanging below its central gateway, and this is borne in remembrance of the fact that each of these four regiments was engaged in the defence of Gibraltar during one of the most famous sieges known to history, 1779-83. The castle represents the old castle or fortress of Tarik, which was built upon the northern side of the Rock of Gibraltar by the Moorish general, Tarik Ibn Zeiad, when he captured Gibraltar from the Spaniards at the beginning of the eighth century, and which is still part of the fortifications. The key—generally taken to signify that Gibraltar is the key of the Mediterranean—is derived from a key that was sculptured above the gateway of Tarik's Castle.

In the badge of the Suffolks the name "Gibraltar" stands just above the castle, while round it is a band carrying the words "Montis Insignia Calpe"—"the insignia of the Mount Calpe"—and thus both the modern and the classical names of the Rock appear on the badge, for Calpe is the name by which the ancients knew it, and it was one of the two Pillars of Hercules, the other being Abyla, just opposite on the African shore. It is generally believed that the insignia or emblem of the castle and key was given to the place by Henry IV of Castile when the Spaniards finally recaptured it from the Moors in 1462. It was then held by Spain until 1704, when, Britain being then at war with that nation, it was captured by us by an altogether surprising and unprecedented coup. In the great siege of 1779-83 the Suffolks were the senior regiment holding the Rock (they had been sent there in 1769), and in the second year of that siege, being altogether bored by inaction, they suddenly dashed out "like schoolboys out of school" and set fire to the Spanish attack works, destroying no less than £2,000,000 worth of Spanish effort. A wreath of oak leaves and acorns, with a crown above and the regimental name-scroll below, completes a particularly interesting badge.

But, indeed, these castle badges are often compendiums of interest. Thus that of the "Dorsets" records the honours of two distinct regiments, the old 39th Foot and the old 54th Foot, which in the general linking up of regiments under territorial designations in 1881 became respectively the 1st and

2nd Battalions of the Dorsetshire Regiment. To the 39th Foot the castle and key—the centre of the badge—belongs. The castle is somewhat differently portrayed from that of the Suffolks, but the key hangs as prominently below the gateway. This regiment has a particularly strong claim to the Gibraltar castle, for it was the only one that defended it in both the earlier, lesser siege of the Rock in 1726-27 and in the more memorable one some fifty years later. It is said that it was the colonel of this regiment, Sir Robert Boyd, who originally suggested the use of the red-hot shot that was the final undoing of those 30,000 Spaniards and Frenchmen who were so proudly entrenched in 1782 in their great floating batteries round the foot of the Rock. The "Primus in Indus" below the castle has no reference to Gibraltar, but records the proud fact that the 39th Regiment was the first King's regiment to land in India—landing at Madras in 1754, and winning its laurels three years later at the battle of Plassey. It will be remembered that there a small force of 3,000 men (only 1,000 of whom were English) under Clive completely routed 40,000 infantry and 15,000 cavalry, the army of Nabob Surajah Dowlah, and thus secured for Britain the great province of Bengal. The 39th took the leading part in the fight, and Plassey stands as their first honour.

But the Dorset badge not only refers to Gibraltar and India, but also has, above the castle, a sphinx, resting on a slab with the name "Marabout" on it. This is entirely the contribution of the old 54th Regiment of Foot—the 2nd Battalion of the Dorsets which, in 1801, was sent to Egypt under Sir Ralph Abercromby to assist in fighting Napoleon's army of the East. There it was employed in blockading Alexandria, and greatly distinguished itself by taking Fort Marabout at the entrance of the harbour after a most stubborn resistance. The fall of Alexandria followed, and as recognition the regiment was granted the sphinx and the honour. A laurel wreath and the name-scroll "Dorsetshire" are the other features of the badge.

In the castle badge of the Essex Regiment we have oak leaves on either side of the castle and key, as in the Suffolks, the name-scroll below and a sphinx above. It was the old 56th Foot (nicknamed the "Pompadors" because of their puce facings, a colour beloved by Mme. de Pompadour), now the 2nd Battalion Essex Regiment, that shared in the defence of Gibraltar and gained the insignia of the key and castle; it was the old 44th Foot, once affectionately known as "the Little Fighting Fours," now the 1st Battalion Essex Regiment, that fought in the Egyptian campaign against Napoleon and won the sphinx in memory thereof. This 1st Battalion has a great tragedy in its record; in the first Afghan war (1841) on



FOUR BADGES WHICH RECALL THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR, 1779-83.  
The castle depicted is the old fortress of Tarik, built on the northern side of the rock.



THE CAMBRIDGE REGIMENT WEARS THE CASTLE OF THE CREST OF THE ARMS OF CAMBRIDGE AND THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS THAT OF EDINBURGH.

its withdrawal from Cabul, after promise of good behaviour from the rebellious Afghans, every soul perished through the treachery of the enemy, with the solitary exception of their surgeon, Dr. Bryden, who alone found his way back to the hill fortress of Jellahabad, then being held by the Somerset Light Infantry.

The Northamptonshire Regiment has no sphinx above its castle like the last two mentioned regiments; but its badge is distinctive, for it carries the honour "Talavera" beneath the three towers and the key. It was the Northamptonshire Regiment (the old 48th Regiment of Foot) that saved the day for Wellington in the Peninsula on that July day of 1809. "The centre of the British was absolutely broken . . . when suddenly Colonel Donnellan with the 48th Regiment was seen advancing through the midst of the disordered masses. At first it seemed as if this regiment must be carried away by the retreating crowds, but, wheeling back by companies, it let them pass through the intervals, and then resuming its proud and beautiful line, marched against the right of the pursuing column and plied them with such a destructive musketry fire and closed upon them with such a firm and regular pace that the forward movement of the French was checked." (Napier.) The day was won. The Colonel, however, was mortally wounded, but, although in great pain, he handed over the command to the next senior officer "in a most dignified manner." Like the Dorsets, the wreath of the badge is laurel.

There is considerable diversity in the castles of the badges of the remaining castle regiments. Thus the castle in the centre of the elaborate badge of the King's Own Scottish Borderers is the Castle of Edinburgh and commemorates the fact that the regiment was raised as "the Edinburgh Regiment" for the holding of that city on the side of William III in 1689. The story goes that David, third Earl of Leven, raised it to a strength of 1,000 men within four hours, a marvellous feat of recruiting, in memory of which it enjoys the privilege of beating up for recruits in the streets of Edinburgh at any time without asking the permission of the Lord Provost. When Edinburgh Castle fell it was being held by the Duke of Gordon for King James; it was this regiment that took it over and garrisoned it. King George III changed the name to the King's Own Borderers, and as a mark of his special approbation gave it the King's crest and the motto "In Veritate Religionis Confido," both of which are still found on the badge. In 1832 the regiment was further allowed to assume the arms and motto of the City of Edinburgh, and hence we find the Edinburgh Castle and "Nisi Dominus frustra" also on the badge. Naturally, in a Scotch regiment thistles form the wreath.

The Castle of Enniskillen flying the flag of St. George is found in the badge both of the 6th (Inniskillings) Dragoons and the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. When James II was making a final effort to recapture his fallen Crown, the Protestant towns of Londonderry and Enniskillen were the two which most steadily upheld his rival, William of Orange. Enniskillen took the lead in organisation and formed a troop of infantry and a troop of cavalry which fought with characteristic Irish stubbornness. William was greatly impressed with them, and thought it would be an opportunity wasted if he did not annex them to his regular establishment. This was accordingly done, and they became the two regiments mentioned above. As to the *real* Castle of Enniskillen it seems to be of little account nowadays, or perhaps ever—it is purely a symbol of the home they were raised to defend.

The castle of the Devons stands on a far higher level as regards military significance. It is Exeter Castle that is shown on the badge in curious perspective, and ever since there have been "Men of Devon" the Castle of Exeter has stood for the focus of their defence of the homeland. There the British threw up their earthworks and entrenched themselves against the Romans; there the Romans ultimately established themselves and ruled the country round: Roman coins are still

found there. Later the English were its masters and made an heroic, if futile, stand against William the Norman; and when William had reduced Exeter to submission he caused one of his nobles, Baldwin of Moles, to build a real stone castle, the Castle of Rougemont, on the old stronghold—the red mound—and thus secured his conquest. And it is this castle the Devons carry to-day in their badge, and the Lord of Rougemont is the Duke of Cornwall—the Prince of Wales.

The East Surrey Regiment carry the arms of the county town of Guildford, set on a star, as their badge, and these arms include the Castle of Guildford, portrayed as "two towers embattled, on each tower a spire, from the battlements of the castle a tower triple towered." In front is a lion, couchant, and, on either side, the castle is flanked by a woolpack. Guildford Castle was never much of a castle in the military sense. It stands on a mound which, as at Exeter, *may* have been British earthworks; but, unlike Exeter, it has never been the centre of a long line of fierce battles and heroic deeds; rather it has been the centre of gallantry, a favourite pleasure dwelling of kings and ladies starting out for long days of hawking and hunting, for the beautiful country round was for centuries the holiday haunt most beloved of the Sovereign. The castle is Norman in origin, but the first record of it is merely a note in the Pipe Roll of 1173 stating that it needed repair. Considering that the East Surreys were the regiment that, allied with the East Lancashires and other troops, made, in 1704, that wonderful pounce in one of the boldest and most difficult attacks known that gave Gibraltar to the British, it would have seemed only mere justice that they should have borne that castle as a badge in proud remembrance thereof, rather than the insignificant one of a small country town. However, it was only to the regiments in the defence of 1779–83 that the Gibraltar castle was granted.

The Cambridgeshires have as badge what is described in the Army List as "a castle, thereon an escutcheon of the Arms of Ely," and certainly the badge shows a wonderful erection; but really it is the crest of the Arms of Cambridge, which is a bridge surmounted by three towers. The arms have sea-horses as supporters. In the Visitation of the County in 1684 it is stated that the arms, crest and supporters were granted to the town by Clarenceaux, King of Arms in 1575. At first sight it is a little difficult to see why an inland town like Cambridge should have such very aquatic arms; but, of course, in olden times the chief traffic of all the fen country was carried on by waterway.

Three Yeomanry regiments—the Northumberland Hussars, the Bedfordshire Lancers and the Loyal Suffolk Hussars—carry castles in their badges. The very quaint building of the Northumberland Hussars is the Castle of Alnwick, the family seat of the Percys, renowned in Border history and once a fortress of great strength that saw many a fierce Border fight. One Scottish king and his son were killed before it, and another was taken prisoner there.

The badge of the Bedfordshire Lancers is the arms of the town of Bedford, which are "an eagle displayed and with wings inverted, looking towards the sinister, sable, ducally crowned, or, and surmounted upon its breast by a castle of three degrees, or." They were confirmed in 1566, but even earlier than this it was said: "These arms are of auncentie belonging and apperteyning to ye Towne and Borough of Bedford tyme out of mynd." But as for Bedford Castle it has been of the smallest possible account in history. We first hear of it casually in Stephen's reign, and it was destroyed less than a century later, in 1224, by order of Henry III.

And so the castles of the badges sometimes speak of the prowess of the regiment in a foreign land, sometimes recall centres of fierce fighting in our own country, and sometimes are merely emblems of that particular district of our land that their wearers call "home"; but all in the Great War were equally war-badges, worn with distinction and pride for the honour of the Empire.



## NATURE NOTES

## THE RINGED DOTTEREL

THE ringed dotterel is still nesting in some numbers along the Norfolk Coast between Eccles and Winterton, though it is rather surprising that it should not have been driven away from this easily accessible coast. At Salt-house, where the eggs are laid among pure shingle, the finding of the nest is a matter of great difficulty, but on the sandy beach in the Horsey region it is unfortunately a comparatively easy matter. The birds run to and from the nest, and, consequently, their tracks on the sand are easy to follow, except on very windy days, when they are almost immediately blotted out. The photograph shows such a nest, with numerous footprints all around. The following of these tracks to the nest is interesting work, for one readily learns to distinguish the trail of a bird seeking here and there for food from the direct run of one returning to the nest. With attention concentrated on the footprints one comes suddenly on the nest with a peculiar shock of surprise which must be similar to that of a retriever hunting a dead bird by scent and coming suddenly in contact with it.

R. GURNEY.

## A NOTE ON THE LESSER REDPOLL.

Bird-catchers tell me that the "chitty," as they call the lesser redpoll, is much rarer than it used to be. I certainly have not seen for many years the big flocks of immature birds that frequented the alder spinneys each winter when I was a boy. On the other hand, the redpoll is far more plentiful than formerly as a breeding species. I can remember when it was quite an event to come on a redpoll's nest; but, in recent seasons, I have found as many as half a dozen in one comparatively short stretch of hawthorn fence. In my district the bird usually

chooses a tall, straggling hedge entwined with honeysuckle and wild roses; but a fruit tree in an orchard and the fork of a young sapling are not uncommon sites. The nest, although very tiny and, as a rule, well hidden, is generally quite easy to find. The parent birds become very upset when their home is approached and flit excitedly backwards and forwards from twig to twig, so that a good idea of its position can quickly be formed. Then a careful search will in all probability be successful. The redpoll is an extraordinarily energetic, restless



A RINGED DOTTEREL'S NEST ON THE BEACH.

little bird. I do not remember ever to have seen one in repose. Even when sitting the hen is seldom still an instant and constantly moves her head in a quick, fidgety way. I have several photographs of the redpoll that are perfect in every detail, except that the bird's head resembles a dirty piece of cotton-wool more than anything I can think of; and this, in spite of a rapid exposure. The young birds, at the time they leave the nest, are a dull brown with lightish grey heads. They lack entirely the crimson crown and carmine body feathers of their parents. This bright colouring in the adult breeding birds makes identification easy.

M. STANLEY WOOD, M.D., M.B.O.U.

## MARSH TITS AND INDIAN CORN.

For a considerable time I have wondered what creature carried off the Indian corn with which I feed my hens, leaving it in little heaps, but with the centre, which would develop the growing shoot if planted, neatly eaten out. A pair of marsh tits were often seen, but never came to the suet and food placed for the birds, nor do the tits nest in the garden. This morning I was standing at my window watching them, when I saw both fly down on to the path, pick up a grain of Indian corn apiece, fly back to a rose branch and, holding the grain pressed with one foot against the branch, pick out and eat the centre. Then the remainder of the grain was dropped and another picked up and treated in the same way.

## BIRDS NESTING IN COMPANY.

My house is a tall, three-storey one, and at the corner there is a strip of ivy about 6ft. wide reaching right up to the eaves. The mortar and wall under the ivy is in a very bad condition, and the ivy has not been cut for the last four years. The birds nesting in the ivy this year are much more numerous than usual. A wren, two pairs of chaffinches, a tree sparrow, two house sparrows, blue tit, great tit (in holes in the wall behind the ivy), two pairs of pied wagtails, a greenfinch, a robin, and hedge sparrow and, in a hole under the eaves, a pair of starlings. A spotted flycatcher, who rules the roost with much display of temper, is yet to arrive, and I am wondering what he will say to so many fresh residents in his domain having built nests in his absence. The greenfinches, house sparrows, tits, starlings and chaffinches are the new comers. The magpies last year raided the nests in the holly tree and hawthorns, and I think that this has, perhaps, driven the greenfinches, house sparrows and chaffinches to nest in this small length of ivy. The constant feeding of the birds during the winter may, of course, have something to do with the collecting of so many different species, for most of them have fed, either at the window or with a hybrid duck that is generally fed close to the steps. I should like to know if any of your readers can boast of so many different kinds of birds in one small patch of ivy. Although there are plenty of farm buildings only about 300yds. away, the twenty pairs of starlings, that have descended from a pair that first bred in a chimney, all insist upon nesting in the chimney-stacks or under the roof, and I am wondering what



THE "CHITTY."

will happen next year when the twenty families all want to nest under the same roof tree! They all seem to bring home their husbands or wives.

H. T.-C.

#### DISAPPEARANCE OF NESTING SPECIES IN THE SCILLY ISLES.

It is never a pleasant duty to record the disappearance of a nesting species from any locality, especially from such a bird paradise as the Scilly Isles; but the fact remains that certain species have gone, and that others, for no apparent reason, are following them into oblivion. The most marked case is that of the kittiwake, which used to nest in large numbers in the western group of islands on Menavawr. In the early 'fifties they left this island for that of Gorregan, where they remained in full force until the early 'seventies. Since then they have gradually disappeared, until in 1900 there were only three nests, these being the last of the kittiwakes known to have nested in the Scilly Isles. The roseate tern was nesting in fair numbers in Scilly up to the early 'forties, but only a few remained in 1854, and it was last seen about 1866. The same may be said of the Sandwich tern, which began to disappear about 1896 and has now completely left the islands as a nesting species, a single nest only being found in 1903—the last on record. On May 23rd, 1911, I saw four on White Island in the eastern group; they were certainly not nesting, but in all probability, judging

by their flight, on passage. I also saw a pair fishing in Old Town Bay on May 18th, 1914. The arctic tern has also disappeared, and the common tern, which took its place, is also becoming scarcer every year as a nesting species. In 1911 they were fairly plentiful, but in 1914 the only nests I found were on Guthers, where there were perhaps twenty to thirty pairs nesting, but not a full clutch among them. The common tern is a peculiar bird, however, and deserts a place, for no apparent reason, for a year or period of years, generally returning sooner or later, as I found at Ravenglass, Cumberland; the same thing applying to the Sandwich tern, as I also discovered at Walney Island in Lancashire. The common guillemots are also going, thanks to the destruction of their eggs by the big gulls. In the eastern group a few pairs nest on Menewethen, but it is almost confined to the islands of Gorregan and Roseven in the western group. This species used to nest in large numbers, but is becoming scarcer every year. Even in 1911 it still maintained fair numbers, but in 1914 had become very scarce. Very few of the eggs hatch out, for exposed as they are in the open, unlike those of many of the other species, they are broken and eaten wholesale by the big gulls as soon as deposited. The peregrine falcons have deserted the eastern group, thanks to human egg-thieves, but, thanks also to constant watching, manage to survive in the west.

H. W. ROBINSON.

## A CHAMOIS DRIVE

**F**EW people who make use of chamois leather for cleaning silver and plate have the least idea how the skin is obtained. Having done a certain amount of chamois shooting in Central Europe, I will try and explain how these animals are brought to bag. Some well known firm, I forget which, has adopted as its trade mark a chamois perched on the summit of a needlelike rock. Now, I cannot say I have seen chamois posing in that position, but there can be no question about their preference for the highest peaks and crags, often quite inaccessible to a human being. So if you want to stalk them, you must go prepared for the sort of country in which, according to Captain Bairnsfather, the Italian Alpini fought.

Chamois may be found in several parts of Europe, but it is probably in Austria that they are stalked and driven most. Chamois driving commences in September, and the summer of 19—found me on my way to visit some friends who rented, every year, a fine old country house in Corinthia, for that purpose. It being my first introduction to this sport, I was glad of a



ONE OF THE KEEPERS.



TYPICAL CHAMOIS COUNTRY.

few days' interval before the opening drive, in order to learn something of the chamois' habits.

I found there were certain laws, written and otherwise, which one was expected to obey as far as possible. To imagine you can shoot any particular chamois you fancy in a herd is quite a mistake. For at that time of year (September) the does are still suckling their kids. Now it takes a clever person to tell a buck from a doe a couple of hundred yards away and going at full speed. Both have horns, and are otherwise very much alike in appearance. Close to, you can see that the buck's horns are wider at the base than the doe's, but this knowledge is not of much assistance up among the misty crags. However, there is a fairly reliable way of telling the sex of chamois when they are running for safety, and that is by the order in which they travel. The herd then moves in single file, mainly for the



reason that in no other formation could it possibly negotiate the narrow ledges up and down the precipices. At the head of the procession are the milk does, followed by their respective families of kids. After the latter come any old barren does there may be in the herd, and last of all come the bucks, prepared, if necessary, to fight a rearguard action.

Now, to shoot a milk doe is an appalling offence, for, apart from the fatal consequences to the kids, chamois are becoming increasingly rare in certain parts of the Continent. To meet this offence the Austrian Government used to impose a fine of £2 for every milk doe shot, provided, of course, it came to hear of it. One usually tries to avoid shooting chamois under about two years old, no matter whether a buck or doe. So that with all these limitations it will be seen that the actual number one may shoot in any herd is really rather small. Of course, an old hand at chamois shooting is well up in all these details, but I must confess that, as a novice, I felt distinctly bewildered.

The day of the first drive arrived and found us all early astir, as it required about six hours to reach the shooting ground.

out a number of small, dark objects coming down the face of the precipice, for all the world like flies on a wall. I concluded these must be chamois. They were still hundreds of feet above my head and a long way out of range of my small bore rifle, so I just continued to watch them through my glasses. After a while they rounded a bend and were lost to view. I was wondering whether I had seen the last of them when suddenly, bang! bang! came from somewhere higher up the mountain, and a few seconds later the herd reappeared and came to a halt.

They seemed puzzled and undecided what to do next, but after a short pause they started off again and headed straight for my stand. There must have been about twenty in all, including kids, so they formed quite a long string.

Now I was determined to take no risks, so I decided only to fire at the last animal of all, which was bound to be a buck. But these calculations were all upset, for as likely as not the only old bucks had been accounted for already when those shots rang out. However, as the herd swept past me at a range of about goyds., I made up my mind to chance it and fired at the



A FINE LOT OF BUCK CHAMOIS.

The party included about ten guns as well as several keepers. The latter were fine big fellows, dressed in their native costume, which consisted of a short green jacket, "shorts" cut well above the knee for better freedom in climbing, and a soft, green hat adorned with a tuft of chamois hair.

The first part of the journey was made in quaint old country carts entirely devoid of springs and drawn by two horses. As the drive occupied over two hours and the roads were far from good, we were all glad when it ended and we could stretch our legs. We had had a thorough bumping, but who cared! It was a gorgeous morning and we were now at the foot of the mountains where we hoped to find our chamois.

From here onward we had either to ride or walk. After the head keeper had arranged with our host where each gun was to be posted, we started up the steep mountain track. The scenery in these Corinthian mountains in early autumn is magnificent. By this time the sun was beginning to make itself felt and the ripple of an occasional stream was a very welcome sound during the long climb.

After we had reached our respective positions or "stands," as they are called, there was plenty of time to study the country. My own stand was on an amazingly steep slope which I had only been able to get to by holding on to tufts of grass growing out of the rock. Rising sheer above me, across a small ravine, was an almost perpendicular precipice. The beaters, who had slept the previous night at a village eight or ten miles away across the mountains, started moving towards us at daybreak. As the intervening country was all but impassable in places their progress was extremely slow. How these men prevent the chamois breaking back through their line is a marvel, even with the help of their dogs. No doubt a certain number do get back, but I have never known them fail to drive a goodly number past the guns in spite of difficult country, rain or fog.

The first warning one usually gets that chamois are on the move higher up the mountain is a constant trickling of small stones which they displace. It is then time to bring glasses to bear and try and spot the herd as soon as possible. I well remember my first glimpse of them. After hearing stones streaming down for what seemed hours to me, I at last made

last of the string. To my joy the animal fell and disappeared among some rocks.

Two more herds passed some of the guns, but I only got a distant glimpse of them and had no chance of another shot. Of course I had to remain in my stand until the drive was over, so that I had ample time to reflect on all the unpleasant things my host would say if I had shot a milk doe! I heard several more shots fired lower down the mountain, showing how well the position of the guns had been arranged, then at last a loud whistle announced that all was over and I was entitled to quit my stand. It was some time before my chamois could be found, as it was the exact colour of the rocks where it had fallen. However, a keeper spied it in the end, and great was my relief on being told it was not only a buck, but a very fine specimen, which turned out to be by far the largest shot that day.

By this time the beaters and their dogs had joined up and a noisy discussion of the day's sport was taking place on all sides. The total bag was found to consist of five buck, four old barren doe and a kid about eighteen months old. The latter was picked up about midway between two stands and needless to say neither gun laid claim to it. After the chamois had been cleaned and secured across the shoulders of the sturdy beaters, a move was made down the mountain to where the carts and a square meal awaited us.

During my stay in Corinthia I took part in several of these drives. On one occasion I counted between sixty and seventy chamois, and one herd passed only a few feet from where I was standing, quite unaware of my presence. As there were no well grown bucks among them they were allowed to go unscathed.

It is curious how one of these animals, timid as they are, will often stroll quite close up to you, provided you remain still and do not meet its eyes with your own. Later in the year, when the higher peaks are covered in snow and the kids are able to fend for themselves, the old bucks leave the herd and search for food alone. They look much more imposing in their long, dark winter coats, and although more easily seen then, it requires very great patience and hard work to get within range of them.

P. M.